The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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UNITED AT THE POINT OF A GUN.

She Expressed a Desire to Get Married, and Her Wish was Gratified.

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AN ACCURATE ILLUSTRATION OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. (Northampton).—Send portrait,

C. (Birmingham).—Will file your letter for future reference.

R. (Bury).—Send the portraits you speak of.

CONSTANT READER.—It was a typographical error. Corbett is 6ft 1½in in height. Jackson is 1in shorter.

D. (Sheffield).—Thanks. Send communication as promised.

WARBLER (Edinburgh).—Portrait and sketch of R. G. Knowles appears elsewhere in this issue.

MARIE HERMANN, who is held on charge of foully murdering Mr. Charles Anthony Stephens, a retired jobmaster and cab proprietor, seventy-six years of age, has proved herself to be a powerful woman of remarkable self-possession and cunning. For years she has pursued the life of an unfortunate in the Euston and Tottenham-court Roads, but during her early career she made Bond Street her stamping ground, being known amongst her set as "The Old Duchess." Appearances would indicate that she committed the crime for what money she could rob her victim of, and had planned to take the corpse to Berlin. Circumstances show that the murder was committed on March 15, and that the old flame stayed in the same room with the corpse all that night, and on the following morning displayed a large quantity of bank notes and gold when purchasing the trunk in which she encased her victim.

Notwithstanding the craftiness which she displayed she was decidedly short-sighted to imagine that such an atrocious crime could be concealed. Prostitutes are a decidedly dangerous class and a curse to any community, but it is an evil which is impossible to exterminate. A man is about as safe in the company of a rattlesnake as he is housed up with one of that ilk. Harmless as they may appear in the thoroughfare when soliciting trade they are indeed more dangerous than a highwayman when they find a victim with an abundance of money on his person. A man who tolerates their company runs great chances of either getting robbed or contracting a loathsome illness, which oftimes it takes years to recover from.

* * *

MURDERS and suicides appear to have the call the past week or two. In the former events the crimes have been of a most revolting nature, and too horrible for any civilized nation. Many of the suicides are brought about through the distressing times, but as they say that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, so we hope it will prove, because the poor people and the working man must certainly be on the eve of more prosperous times.

THE manager of James J. Corbett, champion pugilist, is on his way to this country, and it will now be but a short time before the battle ground is selected for the big match.'

* * *

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and THE MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

ALBERT GRIFFITHS.

Matched to Fight George Dixon at Chicago.

(With Portrait.)

ALBERT GRIFFITHS, better known as Young Griffio, feather-weight champion of Australia, is one of the cleverest boxers that ever put on a glove, for hand and head work together like clockwork, and though he has been welted and belted for a round or two by dozens of big lumps of fellows, always wears them out and comes out on top smiling. Griffio is 22 years of age, and was born "on the rocks" at Miller's Point, Sydney, Australia. When he was ten years of age he kicked over the traces and started life on his own hook. He went newspaper selling, and as a newsboy was a success. He homed with a family who knew his people, and for years his real home was with the parents of nuggety Jack Horner. His first fight was with a boy named Scott, who tried to bounce him. They were at it hammer and tongs, and the youngster was showing great form when "der cops hove in sight, and hunted de whole push." Gaining by this encounter the idea that he could fight, Griffo was matched to fight Bob O'Neill, and beat him (Queensberry rules), in 15 rounds of hard battling. His next battle was with the "raw 'uns" with a lad named Francis, and he made the lad quit in seven rounds. Griffo then turned his eyes to Foley's Hall, where he soon made a name for himself by meeting all comers in four-round goes; he always had the best of these goes, though generally giving away weight. He showed such skill and promise that when a likely lad was looked for to go over to Melbourne and meet Pluto, Griffo was selected as the very party. Arrived there he was at once matched to box Pluto eight rounds at the Victoria Hall. The match ended in a draw, and a second meeting of six rounds at the Hibernian Hall resulted similarly. The outcome of these two undecided battles was a match with skin gloves; the boys met before a select circle at Lillydale in the open, and after fighting twenty-three rounds, in which Griffo did most of the leading, the sports humanely stopped it and made a draw of it. A little while after Griffo and Pluto had a barney in a billiard-room, and adjourned to Peter Newton's rooms, where they fought thirteen rounds and Newton stopped it. Griffo broke the third finger of the right hand in this go on Pluto's big black brow. His next battle was an eight-round go with McShane, a much heavier lad, and a draw resulted. He met Michie, twenty-eight pounds heavier, and drew an eight-round go with him. Lawrence, twenty-one pounds heavier, ditto. Billy Murphy undertook to stop him in four rounds and failed. Griffo then won Sam Matthews' 10st competition, he weighing 8st, and gaining the gold medal. Then he went to Adelaide, where he beat Chappie in three rounds, and Smith, of Port Adelaide, in four. Coming back to Sydney much improved by his ring experience, he fought an eight-round draw with Ambrose Taylor, who scaled 9st 4lb. Young O'Brien, of Queensland, undertook to stop the boy in eight rounds, but was nearly stopped himself, and then later Griffo had him dead to the world and bleeding like a pig in a second eight-round contest, when corners were called for the last time. He beat the Kiama pet in one and a-half rounds, Doss Paterson in three rounds, and fought a twenty-round draw with Abe Willis, whom he beat later in three rounds. Ed. Seymour then came at him with 9st 4lb pugilist Jim Dempsey, and Griffo beat him bad in twelve rounds. Young Sandy Ross went down before the unbeatable in four rounds, and Lewis fell out in three rounds; Lane in one and a-half, Sullivan in three and a-half, Holden (of Parramatta) in twelve rounds. Then he went to Melbourne again to fight Pluto in the Amateur Athletic Club for a £100 purse, and after seventy rounds the fight was declared a draw, and the boys divided the purse. He then met Nipper Peakes, a 9st lad, and deservedly considered the cleverest at his weight in Australia, perhaps, in an eight-round fight for the feather-weight championship, to be decided by points. Griffo won this handily, and it was after his return to Sydney that he dished Willis, as above, in three fast rounds. Griffo then met George McKenzie, rated the cleverest light-weight ever seen in Australia. McKenzie endeavoured to stop Griffo in four rounds, but failed in the attempt. Griffo beat Young Godfrey in four rounds at Sydney, and a little later he knocked out Young Patterson, in two rounds, at Melbourne, Australia. On June 12, 1890, a pug named McLeod undertook to knock him out in fifteen rounds, but Griffo turned the tables on him, knocking him out in two rounds. At Sydney, November 14, Griffo knocked out Paddy Moran in thirteen rounds. Griffo received his first world-wide reputation September 3, 1890, when he met Billy Murphy, feather-weight champion. Griffo made him quit in the 16th round. Murphy falsely claimed that the gloves had been fixed. On March 12, 1891, Griffo defeated George Powell at Sydney, Australia, in 19 rounds. Murphy and Griffo again met at Sydney, July 22, 1891, and in the 22nd round Griffo was given the award on a foul. Mickey McCarthy was next brought forward, but Griffo ended his aspirations in four rounds at Melbourne, March 22, 1892. On May 17, 1892, Griffo attempted to stop Mick Ryan in eight rounds at Sydney, but failed. At Sydney, July 25, 1892, Griffo met Jim Barrow, and a draw was declared in the 22nd round. At the same place on November 8, Griffo boxed Martin Denny 25 rounds to a draw. Probably Griffo's hardest opponent to date has been Jerry Marshall, a New York negro, whom Griffo met twice in Australia. Griffo received both awards, but they added not to his reputation, as the coloured boy seemed to have the best of the first event, a twelve-round bout, and in the second the coon lost on a foul, as Griffo's crowd started a free fight.

DICK O'BRIEN,

America's Premier 10st 5lb Pugilist.

(With Portrait.)

DICK O'BRIEN, of Lewiston, in the State of Maine, is conceded to be one of the best, if not the champion of America at 10st 5lb. He has beaten Jim Conley, Maffit Flaherty, and Jack C. McGee in finish glove contests and can now be backed for £500 to fight any man in America at even weight. He is a clever boxer and a punishing hitter.

CHARLES WITTMER.

Champion of America at Græco-Roman Wrestling.

(With Portrait.)

CHARLES WITTMER, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is champion of the United States at Græco-Roman wrestling, and is ready to meet any man in the world at that style. His record he gives as follows:—"Defeated Tom McInerney four times, Aug. Wagner twice, T. C. Comstock twice, and the following once each: Sebastian Miller, Fritz Groennwein, William Kain, Jack Callahan, Bert Scheller, A. Woods, the late Matsadi Sorakichi. In handicap matches of from fifteen to thirty minutes, He has been victorious with William Muldoon four times, Jack Carkeek four times, Tom Cannon four times, Matsadi Sorakichi three times, Ernest Roeber six times, Duncan McMillan twice. He wrestled draws with Dr. A. E. Heighway, Tom McInerney and Sebastian Miller. He was defeated by Tom McInerney and Jack Carkeek in catch-as-catch-can matches, and also lost a mixed match of five bouts with Evan Lewis. He has, since the foregoing, defeated at Græco-Roman, Martin Muldoon and Charles Moth. The match between Evan Lewis and himself that was to have been wrestled February 3 last, and was declared off on account of Mr. Lewis' illness, has been rearranged to take place April 7, 1894, at the People's Theatre, Cincinnati. It will be straight Græco-Roman, best two out of three falls to win.'

TOM BURFORD,

Instructor to the Birmingham Amateur Boxing Club.

(With Portrait.)

TOM BURFORD is quite a popular man in the Midlands, being instructor to the Birmingham Amateur Boxing Club. He was born there October 16, 1863, and commenced boxing in 1884, when he contended in an open competition, being defeated in the final bout by Bill Jones. The same year he fought a draw with Jim Salt, of Aston. The following year he defeated Bill James in two rounds, and also won the Weymouth Boxing Club competition. In 1887 he defeated Tom Homer, at Bingley Hall; Charley Ford, at the Birmingham Amateur Boxing Club; and won an 8st 6lb competition at the same place, defeating Sam Sorrell in the final. During 1888 he captured four competitions which were open to all at 8st 8lb. In the following year he beat Jack Neale in the final of an 8st 6lb competition; beat George Lawrence, the black, in two rounds; beat Walter Smith in five rounds; beat Harry Sargent and Sid Phillips both at the National Sporting Club, and was afterwards beaten by Tim Buckley at the same place. Burford's last battle was with Sam Sorrell, and he was beaten in eleven rounds. He has quit the ring, and devotes his energies to instructing the manly art at the Birmingham Amateur Boxing Club.

GEORGE CAMP,

A London Promoter of Boxing.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE CAMP, up to the time that he was beaten by Nunc Wallace, rated amongst the champions at 8st 6lb. He is a clever boxer, and, retiring from taking an active part in a contest, has turned his attention to promoting meetings between local pugilists of merit.

CHARLEY KELLY.

Champion 7st 12lb Pugilist of New York.

(With Portrait.)

SOME sporting men here are trying to induce Charley Kelly to come to this country and meet George Corfield, of Sheffield, in a glove contest for a stake and an added purse. He was born in New York City of Irish parents, and made his first appearance in pugilistic circles by defeating Mike Curley in eight rounds in a bare-knuckle contest; defeated Sammy Jackson, with 2oz gloves, in eight rounds; then met Albert Clarke (coloured), Down Town A. C., and defeated him in two rounds; he was dissatisfied with the decision and then met him again and defeated him in three rounds, and defeated Bob O'Toole of the same club in three rounds. In an amateur competition in New York he defeated the following men: Mike Bent, in four rounds; Jim Bagley, in three rounds, winning the tournament and Middle States championship. He subsequently defeated M. Joyce in four rounds; Con. Sullivan, in four rounds; Jimmy Larks, in three rounds; beaten by Sullivan, four rounds; draw with Kid Hogan, four rounds; beat Moore, three rounds; Eddie Curry, four rounds. He then entered the professional ranks and met Connie Sullivan, ten rounds, Coney Island Athletic Club; then met George Wright, the champion bantam of Canada, the first man who ever got a decision over George Dixon, and defeated him in three rounds; beat W. O'Brien, four rounds; Joe Ross, three rounds; W. O'Brien, second match, at Albany, one round; Dan McCarthy, one round; was matched to fight Charley Moore, Elizabeth; was all ready to go on. Moore refused to fight, and the club got Billy Meyer, who stood four rounds with George Dixon. Kelly defeated him in 2min 30sec. Kelly weighed 7st 7lb, Meyer 8st 8lb. Defeated Dick Connors in five rounds in Hoboken; then met Billy Leon, who stood off Billy Plimmer for four rounds, and put him to sleep in two rounds; defeated Brickey Norton at the Stagg A.C.; Kelly broke his arm in the second round, nevertheless he made Norton quit in the seventh. Kelly was used as a trial horse, as Norton's intentions were for a finish contest with Billy Plimmer; then met young Cooke, of Brooklyn, who was the only man regarded as capable of giving Plimmer any kind of an argument, at the Stagg A.C. The betting was 2 to 1 that Cooke could stop Kelly inside of six rounds in an eight-round bout. The fight, while it lasted, was of the hurricane order, and Kelly knocked Cooke out in three rounds; met Jimmy Kaveney, Boston, and lost in one round; again met Kaveney, February 12, 1894, and knocked him out in 2min 38sec.

KANSAS MARRIAGE BOOM.

A Wife Found and the Ceremony Performed Gratis.

(Subject of Illustration.)

YANKEES are persevering and will often lose money just to attain the object of their ambition. In Kansas the magistrates received as high as ten dollars for performing a marriage ceremony. Clergymen found their business slipping out of their hands and cut prices to one half of that sum. Then came a cut to a dollar, and the clergymen responded, offering to perform the service gratuitously. Those who were of a penurious turn of mind, naturally went where they could save money, just as a woman will strike a bargain day and receive bargains she will ever afterward regret.

To say that the magistrates would deign to submit to such a defeat would hardly do them justice. They accordingly offered to perform the ceremony free, and present each bride with a large-sized turkey. Touch a man's stomach, and you will own him body and soul; therefore, the turkey offer is having a run unprecedented.

The clergymen refuse to give in, and while they cannot afford to give a turkey, they agree to find a wife for any man in search of a life partner. All courting is dispensed with, and no expense is requisite to expend a large sum of money on a wedding outfit; all you require to do is to call on the clergyman, select one of the buxom lassies, have the knot tied, and proceed on your journey through life. No turkey is thrown in: you have to "scratch" for your own food.

THE FANCY.

The Eighty Guinea Cup presented to Tom Cribb, as Champion of England, at The Castle Tavern, Holborn, Monday, December 2, 1811.

Cursory Remarks on the Origin, Rise, and Progress of Pugilism in England.

(A.D. 1823.)

DUELLING. — However honourable and proper such a mode of settling differences may be considered, we confess, that we are no advocates for such a genteel system; notwithstanding cowardice must be despised, and urge that no man ought to put up with a gross insult or unprovoked injury pusillanimously. The laws of honour, doubtless, are so fine and delicate a texture, that they are not to be grasped at by every rough hand, nor to be referred to upon all occasions; but the ridiculous appeals which have been made, in too many instances, to those sacred laws, forcibly bring to recollection, that, in such cases, it is "a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Man, from the imperfections of his nature, is liable to quarrel, and to give or receive insults in his journey through life —how necessary, then, does it appear that he should be able to defend himself, and that in a way which will bear reflection. The fastidious, we have little doubt, will smile at the phrase—reflection. But how much misery and wretchedness might have been spared by that reflection, of the dreadful consequences likely to arise from duelling —in making their wives premature and unprovided widows; their children fatherless and distressed; and themselves snatched away in a moment, with all their imperfections on their head, and reconciliation put out of the question! If it were possible to take a peep into the penetralia of those persons who go out to decide quarrels after this genteel mode, we rather apprehend that, in deciding with truth, something like fear might be perceived at the bottom, if all-powerful honour did not prevent its having a resting-place!

Where then, is the relative, however high in pride and pomp, on viewing the father, husband, or brother, killed in a duel, but what would rather that they should have had recourse to the manly defence of boxing than the deadly weapons of sword and ball; from which a bloody nose, or black eye, might have been the only consequences to themselves and their families, and neither in their feelings or circumstances been injured; reconciliation with their antagonist —faults mutually acknowledged—and, perhaps, become inseparable friends ever afterwards.

We have long witnessed the good effects of this manly spirit in England; and we trust it will never be extinguished. Prejudice does much in favour of our native soil, but upon a dispassionate review of those countries where pugilism is unknown we find that upon the most trifling misunderstanding the life of the individual is in danger. In Holland the long knife decides too frequently; scarcely any person in Italy is without a stiletto; and France and Germany are not particular in using stones, sticks, &c., to gratify revenge; but in England the fist only is used, where malice is not suffered to engender and poison the composition, and induce the inhabitants to the commission of deeds which their souls abhor and shudder at.

It has been attempted by some writers to prove that boxing did not originate in Great Britain; but in recurring to the times of the immortal Alfred, according to ancient authorities, we shall find that wrestling and boxing formed a part of the manual exercise of soldiers at that distant period. The Ancient Britons have always been characterised as a manly, strong, and robust race of people, inured to hardship and fatigue, and, by the exercise of those manly sports, acquired that peculiar strength of arm which rendered them so decisive in their warlike combats.

And, were it materially necessary, the curious Old English Sports might be traced through the succeeding reigns, with every degree of certainty, except in some few instances, where the conquerors introduced effeminate refinements, of which Leland and several other historians speak, as tending towards creating a degeneracy of spirit among the natives of the island.

It appears that Richard III. (commonly denominated crook-backed Richard) was distinguished for his acquirements of those exercises which invigorated the body and strengthened the arm, and it is recorded of him—"That he was uncommonly expert, either on foot or horseback, in displaying a variety of feats, such as drawing the bow, raising the sling, or throwing the javelin; but particularly distinguished with a clenched fist, when opposed to an antagonist, by the extreme potency of his arm." In those days it was expected that even princes should excel in these necessary and manly accomplishments, as much depended upon the power of the arm; and however high-coloured it may give to stage effect in witnessing Richard fall in the contest with Richmond, had that have proved the fact, that the fate of the nation was to have been decided by a single combat, the superiority of Richard's prowess, by his being inured to feats of manhood, and the various hardy exploits he had performed, little doubt can be expressed but Richmond would never have assumed the kingly title of Henry VII. Richard's natural courage was of the first order, and, in the words of our immortal bard, finely expressed:—

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field—
Five have I slain to-day instead of him."

Having thus far cursorily expressed our opinions in favour of this manly art, we shall now proceed to show some of its most powerful knock-down arguments. Jack Broughton, according to the best authorities, appears to have been considered as the father of the English school of boxing, and by whose superior skill and ability pugilism obtained the rank of a science.

Previous to the days of Broughton it was downright slaughtering—or, in the modern acceptation, either gluttony, strength, or bottom, decided almost every contest. But after Broughton appeared as a professor of the gymnastic art, he drew crowds after him to witness his exhibitions; there was a neatness about his method completely new and unknown to his auditors—he stopped the blows aimed at any part of him by his antagonists with so much skill, and hit his man away with so much ease, that he astonished and terrified his opponents beyond measure; and those persons who had the temerity to enter the lists with him were soon convinced of his superior knowledge and athletic prowess; and most of his competitors, who were compelled to give in from their exhausted and beaten state, had the mortification to behold Broughton scarcely touched, and to appear with as much cheerfulness and indifference as if he had never been engaged in a set-to.

Notwithstanding the inferiority of boxers previous to the days of Broughton, it may not be improper—as far as they can be traced with any degree of accuracy, so as to render the connection more complete and strong—to give some short account of their feat.

Southwark Fair, during its continuance, was an uncommon scene of attraction to the inhabitants in and contiguous to London, from the various sports and pastimes which were exhibited by its versatility of performers. Boxing and cudgelling were strong features among the other amusements. Refinement, it appears, was not so well understood then as at the present period.

Nor did that colossus of literature (Dr. Johnson) appear shy in witnessing the eccentricities developed by human beings at such places of amusement, where the finest display of Nature and Art that could be experienced were to be seen contrasted, and real life, in all its abundant varieties, portrayed in its native dress.

To a mind like that of Dr. Johnson's, few circumstances escaped his notice, whether attracted by the loud laugh at the rude and noisy fair, or the self-approving smile at the more refined and splendid chateau; in the manly display of the pugilist, or in appealing eloquence of the orator; it was appreciated and treasured up, added to his midnight sallies with the unfortunate and pitiable savage, united with his intellectual acquirements; and which, doubtless, formed the stamina of those works that have tended to add so much literary reputation to this country.

The learned Doctor, in himself, was another striking proof of pugilism being a national trait, by having a regular set-to with an athletic brewer's servant, who had insulted him in Fleet Street, and gave the fellow a complete milling in a few minutes.

(To be continued.)

MR. ISAACS: "Hellup! Hellup me, Yakey. Hellup me get in dese clodings. It is starting to rain and I can see dem shrink."

Yakey: "Never mind, vader. Let some of der suits shrink, for we are yust out of boy's cloding."

R. G. KNOWLES.

A Talented and Favourite Music-Hall Artist.

(With Portrait.)

"PERHAPS not," some may say, and Knowles may sing it too, but we should say that the clever Yankee, by his talent, has ingratiated himself into the good graces of all patrons to music-halls in the United Kingdom, more especially those in London, and so long as he can sing a song he is sure to be able to command a good "screw" in this country. R. G. Knowles was born in Buffalo, New York State, thirty-six years ago, and when but a boy the stage fever imbedded itself so thoroughly into his system that he sought an opening in Chicago. The managers of the Olympic Theatre saw he possessed talent, and gave him a public trial, the trial led to an engagement, and thereby hangs the tale of Knowles' success. He played at all the principal variety theatres in the States for several years, and when W. S. Cleveland re-organised the famous Haverley Minstrels he engaged Knowles at a salary of £15 per week to take an end seat and to sing a song and "crack a chestnut" or two. The "chestnuts" proved to be "catchy" and devoid of "worms," therefore his success as a burnt-cork artist caused many an "old timer" to turn pale with envy.

Artists, like men out of the profession, have a burning desire to pose as a "jack-of-all-trades" and master of none. Some succeed in mastering all, and so it was with Knowles, he vanished from the burnt-cork profession to comedy, and created the part of Judge Jack in a "Pair of Jacks." Later on he assumed a principal part in "Natural Gas." Both plays had long successful runs, and seeking to attaining a higher point in the profession, he engaged with Augustin Daly, playing several seasons with Daly's Company in New York.

Knowles came here several years ago and accepted a music hall engagement, and his success was spontaneous. Confining his London appearances to the Tivoli, Oxford, and London Pavilion, he is always welcome to the patrons of those places. He pays an occasional visit to his home in the States, but invariably returns, because he likes the country, and what is more he is fond of English people.

Knowles is humorous both on and off the stage, and is always ready to tell an interesting story or sing a song. Speaking of his early experiences he said: "The only time I felt uncomfortable was the occasion of my first appearance at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, many years ago. The manager in those days always took up his position in the 'flies,' and if a turn failed to suit him he would ring down the curtain on the performer and send him off with a week's salary. Now I never got stranded, nor had I ever measured railway ties, but striking that house made me a bit uneasy. The first night the manager was absent from town, and a good job too, because none of us 'brought down the house.' The audience was a chilly one, and wouldn't wake up for some reason. On the second night a team of banjoists went on for a turn.

'They Were 'Rotten'

and they knew it too, so they got as close to the footlights as possible. If the curtain was dropped they would still be before the audience. Well, they were singing 'Where are the Friends of my Youth?' and all the time the manager was screaming for them to come off. Did they come off? Not much. They sung on and finished the turn. The audience was up to the business and applauded them just to rile the manager. He, however, grabbed the pair on coming off, and asked them what they had sung! 'Where are the Friends of my Youth?' replied one. 'Well, here's a week's salary, go find them outside; you'll never find them in this house. One of the performers went on and did 'funny' business, but the audience failed to see the 'funny' part. You could almost hear a pin drop when that fellow walked off and right into the manager's arms. He was bound not to take a throw-down because he rushed right back before the audience and exclaimed: 'Ladies and gentlemen, you do me proud; the first audience I ever paralysed. Go home; think it over and come again to-morrow night.' The reception he got fairly shook the house, and even the manager had to laugh, too. Well, he was good there for three months—a long run for a Boston theatre—and turned out a big favourite there, too. No, thanks, don't ask me to tell you his name because you might think I'm egotistical."

HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS.

Music-Hall "Turns" we often Witness.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN Great Britain the music-hall is a paying establishment, and a certain element will flock to such places for recreation in preference to the regular theatre. It is safe to say fully a hundred thousand in London seek enjoyment at the music hall, and probably not over two per cent. of them ever stick their nose within the four walls of a theatre to witness a regular play. In the United States it is far different. First the minstrel held sway, and that was supplanted with vaudeville shows; now minstrel and Vaudeville shows are scarce, and the better class of variety performer has taken to farce comedy.

Less than two years ago a man would have quite a job to find a large-sized city where a variety theatre was not the proper "caper," now times have changed and the dime museum holds sway. When the dime museum was first started it was for the purpose of exhibiting freaks of nature, then a few vaudeville turns were rung in, and now freaks are rarities and vaudeville artists are the features. A continuous show is conducted at those places, so you could, if you chose, pay ten cents admission at ten o'clock in the morning and remain there till ten o'clock at night, getting twelve hours' solid amusement for the dime.

Through the day children visit the place and waste an hour, in the evening single men make it a rendezvous to flirt with the women, who have respectable homes and probably grown up children, but like a bit of "fun." How far the "fun" goes depends upon the nature of the woman because the man places no limit on his length.

Do they run a good show? Sometimes, but frequently it is deplorable. Each artist reports at ten in the morning, and between that and closing time he will do half a dozen "turns," so that he is a veritable slave during an engagement. Salaries range from £2 to £15 per week; one or two may get the limit, but the balance are played out performers or new beginners who would be driven from a first class stage. The "Galway Whisker" or "Terrier Comedian" is sure to be there. Not the same man or men, but as the old ones go to another museum, the new one appears with pretty much the same business. Pull a hair out of your head for every time they sing, "There never was a coward where the Shamrock grew," or the "Wearing of the green," and within a few years your "nut" would be as smooth as a billiard ball. It's Irish, and everything Irish goes. Two very old-time features include a serio-comic or a "coon" singing about the "Swanee River." Advertising for stage talent appears to be the only sketch availing to introduce "musical mokes." Yes, the girl that dresses in pants to sing "I'm a Dandy Dude" is well received, but she must have the clothes fit snug and show a good form, even if she has to resort to "padding." "Poor Old Captain Jinks" is a chestnut, but it comes cheap, and helps to kill time. The banjoist, who shows a big shoe, picks the banjo, sings a song and tells you about his girl or his mother-in-law, is a chestnut, and has a worm in it by this time, but is not so bad as the pair of blacks who sing about being "as happy as big sun flowers" and worry out a dance. That has two worms in it; besides, when they say they are happy they lie, because they are amongst the cheap talent. "Home Sweet Home" on a cornet will frequently make you wish you were there, for the very reason that only one in a dozen can blow the cornet and produce melody. The Irish comedian would be lost without his Colleen and his shillalah. He will free Ireland every time he appears before the footlights, and that touches the right spot of the young Irish. They, of course, are well applauded. Probably the most distressing sight will be the appearance of a worn out singer warbling; "Where are the friends of my youth." She is too ancient to have any in the audience, but she is game and will have her say, and year after year she will disappear, throwing a kiss to the audience, and carrying off a bouquet. The flowers she purchases herself, and has them thrown at her. One bouquet will do her for the week's engagement. The best of the Vaudeville artists decline museum engagements, and many come here to do the music hall turn.

GEORGE THURLING.

Pioneer of Whippet Dog Racing.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE THURLING is one of the pioneers of whippet dog racing in London. He is one of a syndicate that proposes to promote monthly handicaps at Kensal Rise Athletic Grounds, the first one being set for April 9, and the prize money to the amount of £10 will be distributed. Mr. Thurling has made whippet dog racing a study, and claims that a dog running 200 yards in 12sec covers 16yds 24in in a second, whilst one doing the distance in 14 3-5sec covers but 13yds 25 2-5in in a second.

DOSE HER AND KEEP THE CHANGE.

A Gay Lothario Baulked whilst Attempting to Ruin an Innocent Girl.

KANSAS MARRIAGE BOOM.

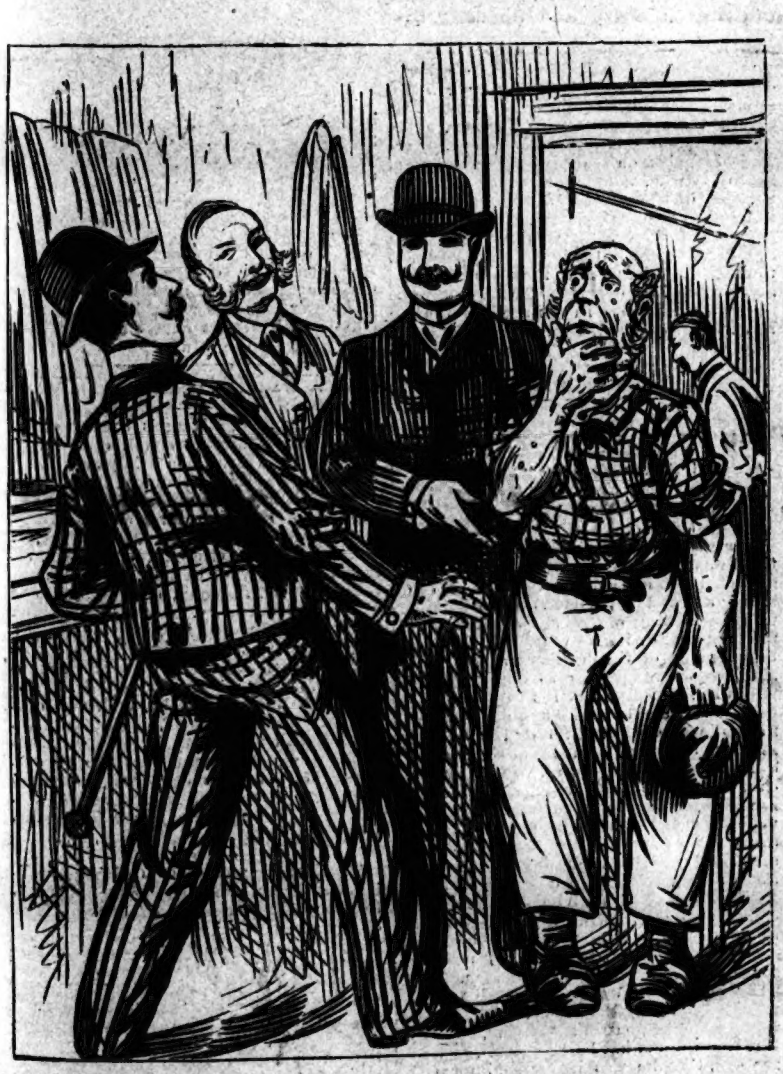
A Wife Found and the Ceremony Performed Gratis.

THE STOCKING WAS A GIVE AWAY.

A Predicament which a Husband could not Intelligently Explain Away.

JACK THE KISSER.

A Gay Lothario who has a Strange Fad.



THE OLD 'UN COULD BOX.

A Swell Taken Down a "Peg" by a Navvy

REVOLTING CRIME IN NEW YORK.

A Little Girl Cut to Pieces and Partly Boiled.

TURF NOTES.

LIVERPOOL.

What We Think.

City and Suburban.

By the time these lines appear before you the Lincoln will have been decided, and we may be said to have launched on a new year of our national pastime. From time to time, in THE MIRROR OF LIFE, our readers will be placed within reach of the best authorities anent the various fixtures, and no expense will be spared to obtain the soundest and most reliable information from all the principal training quarters, for the benefit of those who follow with interest the varying fortunes of the Turf, and selections will be given that will enable us, without fear of contradiction, to place this column at the head of all sporting matters. The sensational rumours still surround the Blue Riband of the Chase, and the Cloister scare has scarcely passed away before one or the other candidates ousts his rival from his position in the market quotations, yet following the money is not always the nearest way to the winning-post. Why Not, in a quiet manner, has steadily advanced from day to day, the rate shortening, and his position being strengthened by the scratchings to hand. That he holds a chance, and a very big one, there is no denying; but with 11st 13lb in the saddle he will have to be vastly improved on some of his running to get home; he certainly appears to be held in check by Father O'Flynn, who, if the fit takes him, may not only show his heels to his more lightly-weighted opponents, but press hard on those whose ability rank them above himself in the handicap. Skedaddle, in the same stable, has received his quietus so far as this race is concerned, the pen being put through his name, thus leaving his companion to repeat his victory, if possible, of '92. The liberal odds against such a well-tried chaser should not be neglected, for, if he should not win, as a place investment he should be equally as profitable as the favourite. Dawn, on some running, holds a good chance, and on recent form presents a dangerous appearance. The connections of the stable are sanguine, and the prospect of a six-year-old with 9st 7lb should be held in great respect. Van-der-Berg is seldom or never mentioned, but I hold, fit and well, he will be second to none, and should that experienced cross-country jockey G. Morris have the mount little could be desired; he would have a pilot that has travelled the country on other occasions. Nelly Gray is going on as well as her best friends could wish, and her market position is very assuring to those who have pinned their faith upon her stoutness, and her light weight will enable her to romp along when the troubles come home to the heavy brigade. Schooner finds a few friends, and the owner knows exactly what sort of animal to depend upon. Frigate for this gentleman won a few years ago, and I should not be surprised to find the above-named sailing along when others are dead blown.

When the opposition meet next Monday a blow will no doubt be struck on the City and Suburban. At present Callistrate and Arcano have been most inquired after, but in these columns we, next week, shall put the rule over this handicap and keep the reader fully posted. Our latest advices point to the respective chances of the under-mentioned for Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL.

Van der Berg - -	**1**
Father O'Flynn -	**2**
Dawn - - - - -	**3**

CHALK.

A COCK FIGHT CURED HIM.

How an Old Sport's Health was Improved.

(Subject of Illustration.)

TAKE a drunkard and restrict him from liquor it is pretty sure to produce a bad effect. A man addicted to lewd women when placed under restraint will grow despondent and morose, why then shouldn't an old sport, deprived of a little pleasure, be affected when exiled from the pastimes he most admires? Long Island, in the State of New York, is the home of the cock fighter, and anybody who has the sport thoroughly imbued into his system is sure to long for a battle long before the season sets in at Thanksgiving time. One of the veterans has been confined to his bed for some time and his recovery was despaired of. Medicine was of no avail, and the attending physician had given up all hope when the scheme evolved itself in his mind to treat his patient to a cock-fight. A pair of birds were brought to the room and a rattling battle was fought, and not decided till one of the birds got the gaff in the head and reeled over dead. The patient was carried away with the bit of sport, and from that instant began to mend. It is a week since the battle, and the old sport is now strong enough to sit up and rehearse the account of the battle which proved better to him than medicine.

HONEST SPORTS.

MOSES GIBSON and Tom Green, jun., are to row a single-scull race from Putney to Mortlake, April 16, for £25 a-side.

* * *

TEXTURE, Waterloo Cup winner, has been sent to St. Petersburg, and Count Stroganoff will use him for breeding purposes.

* * *

THE National Amateur Rowing Association will hold its annual regatta at Putney, July 21. It will consist of senior-junior eights, junior fours, double sculls and sculls, the two last open to both seniors and juniors.

* * *

THE second game in the chess match between Mr. Steinitz and Mr. Lasker was played at New York, March 19, and resulted in a victory for the former at the forty-second move. Mr. Steinitz opened with the Ruy Lopez gambit. The score now stands—Steinitz, 1; Lasker, 1.

* * *

THE yacht race for the prizes offered by the President of the Republic and the Minister of Public Instruction took place at Cannes, March 20, in fine weather, with a light south-easterly breeze. Seven yachts started at half-past seven in the morning, the course being round the buoys opposite St. Maxime and the Harbour of St. Tropez and back. The President's Prize was won by *Britannia*, which reached home at five minutes past three, closely followed by *Oretta*.

* * *

AFTER much controversy a match in the græco-roman style of wrestling has been ratified between Tom Cannon (of Liverpool), græco-roman champion of the world, and George Rasso (of Hamburg), who claims the championship of Germany in that style. The match is for £100 a-side and the world's græco-roman championship, best of three falls, and is fixed to occur at Hengler's Cirque, Liverpool, on Thursday, March 29. On 17th February, the articles were signed and a "tenner" deposited on each side, the remaining part of the £200 to be deposited the day of the contest.

* * *

CAPT. J. L. BREWER, the crack American pigeon shot, has fled from his home at Bridgeton, New Jersey, to avoid being arrested on a warrant, charging him with disposing of mortgaged property. Brewer had been living there for two years with a woman who was supposed to be his wife. Just before he disappeared he said he was not married to her. Last year the captain purchased property at Lake View. He built a nice cottage and erected cotes for pigeons, of which he had about 6,000. The woman went to New York in February. Soon afterward Capt. Brewer asked to have her indicted, alleging that she stole 450dols. from him.

The house is being stripped of its contents, and a man to whom Brewer owes 1,200dols. has secured a warrant for his arrest. Brewer's debts will amount to over 2,000dols.

UNITED AT THE POINT OF A GUN.

She Expressed a Desire to get Married, and Her Wish was Gratified.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SOME rich developments will be brought to light over the trial of B. Rice and M. Arnold, indicted for kidnapping, conspiracy, and perjury, at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, U.S.A. A sister of Rice, who is a very popular and pretty girl, living just across the river in Kentucky, informed her brother recently that it would be prudent for her to secure a husband as soon as possible. Being much older than the girl, and knowing more than many people would give him credit for, he enlisted the aid of Arnold and the pair went to Lawrenceburg in quest of a bridegroom. Several young men were approached on the subject, but each declined the honours. They finally raided Rising Sun and captured J. Steele, a wealthy young man of that place, and boldly conveyed him across the water. Licences were taken out, they swearing the girl and young man to be of age. The young man appeared much older than he really is, because he has not yet turned twenty-one years; the girl too is under age. At the point of a gun, Steele was held a captive, and a clergyman produced to perform the ceremony. It was then announced that the couple had eloped. Meanwhile the bride and bridegroom were kept guarded, but Steele finally effected his escape and returned to the home of his parents, where he told the story of his strange experience. He proposes to prosecute the lawless Kentuckians to the fullest extent of the law being a young man of abundant means. He is today almost a physical wreck, and it will be some time before he fully recovers his health.

ELAINE: "Would you ever get over it and forget me, George, if I should refuse you?"

George: "You bet I would."

Elaine: "Well, then, I'm yours."

A CRANK ON IMMORALITY ASTONISHED.

An Amusing Episode on the Parkhurst Crusade in New York.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SINCE brothel houses, gambling dens, and music halls of low repute have been closed in New York City there is no end to the sport some make of such a crusade. Recently one of the "cranks," who is a leading spirit in the society for the suppression of vice, demanded admittance to an apartment house, and entering a suite of rooms he was astounded to see statuary placed about the room covered with veiling and a placard pinned to one bearing the inscription: "Clothe the Naked." A glimpse at the rooms assured him that nothing improper was going on and he quietly took leave.

It would not be surprising to hear at any time of these moral cranks destroying works of art on the ground that they have an evil effect on the rising generation. If some of these straight-laced gentlemen would follow in the wake of the rising generation and listen to conversation the lads indulge in at times, they would soon awaken to the fact that the youngster's knowledge of the ways of the world are broader than old people would care to know. It is not the case that the father can teach the son, but the rising generation make it a rule that the son can show the father as much as he knows, and go him one better.

SHE WAS THE ATTRACTION.

A Reflection in the Mirror Caught the Audience.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"AT a West End theatre the other evening," writes a correspondent, "I was amused at an incident which frequently occurs at the popular establishments, but not so pronounced as on this occasion. In the private box on the left hand side there sat a lady who, however, was hidden from the view of the audience. She happened in a position which caused the reflection to show in a mirror. It was not long ere every opera glass in the house was directed toward the mirror, and that proved the attraction of the evening. To all appearances the lady was in a nude condition, but in reality she was in evening attire. The view permitted only the head and bust to appear in the mirror."

THE OLD 'UN COULD BOX.

A Swell Taken Down a "Peg" by a "Navvy."

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN a gymnasium in the London district there is a swell member who fancies himself considerably as an exponent of the manly art, and he can back up his assumptions by making a good show with any of the amateurs of his weight. He has bested many of the members, and finding it difficult to induce any to don the mits with him, he announced his willingness to take on any amateur who had never boxed in public for a prize. The defi not being readily accepted soon induced him to swagger about, bullying all with whom he came in contact. Two of the members resurrected an old navvy who possessed the reputation of being supreme at rough fighting, and an offer of ten bob induced him to consent to take on the swell for a round or two. Soon as his appearance was assured they notified the swell that he would have a customer the following evening. At the appointed time the navvy was brought forward, carrying a pair of gloves ready for the encounter. The swell made a remark about age and social standing, and was headed off by the navvy, who declared there would be no social standing, because Mr. Swell would have to lie down, and as for age, that he was like wine, improved with age. The bout didn't occur, though the ten bob was paid just the same, and those interested are now trying to solve who the joke was on, the swell or the pair that sacrificed the silver.

THE STOCKING WAS A GIVE AWAY.

A Predicament Which a Husband could not Intelligently Explain Away.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A CHILD that plays with fire must expect to get burnt, and the same rule applies to the lascivious young man. If he wanders in strange pasture fields he shouldn't be surprised if he is trapped in his little pleasure trips. A Chicago drummer when at home always found it convenient to meet some customer of an evening, and he carried his point so far that, with his wife, patience ceased to be a virtue, and she kept a close watch on her liege lord. She got him dead to rights the other evening when disrobing in order to retire. Instead of pulling a sock off his left foot he exposed a long striped stocking. "Where did you get that stocking?" she immediately asked. "Why, I put on one of yours by mistake this morning," he replied. "I guess not," she said, "I wear plain black, whilst that is a striped one." He was too nonplussed to respond, and she gave him a tongue lashing he will ever remember. Yes; they stay under one roof, but she keeps her room sacred, and he has to sneak in the attic chamber now, and he seldom stays out after seven o'clock evenings. If he should, she threatens there will be two sides to the house, and she will keep the inside and present him with the outside.

PREVENTED AN ELOPEMENT.

Caught Ascending a Fire Escape to Free His Loved One.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"AN elopement was prevented in high life the other evening," says a Chicago, U.S.A., correspondent. "For some time past a young man of dissolute habits has been paying attention to the daughter of one of our wealthy citizens, and matters progressed swimmingly till a short time since, when the young lady's father entered the conservatory and caught them close together.

Breathing words of Love.

"The irate parent bustled the object of his wrath from the house, and clandestine meetings followed. An elopement was arranged and the young man was climbing up the fire-escape to reach his lady love and assist her to terra firma just as the father appeared on the scene. He produced a revolver, and after discharging a barrel, ordered the young man to descend. He gave him in charge of an officer and will be arraigned for an attempt to break and enter. In the meantime the young lady is under strict surveillance and will be kept so for the future."

LANCASHIRE LADS DO BATTLE.

PROFESSOR JIM WRIGHT'S boxing saloon in Oldham Road was well crowded on March 15, the attraction being a ten-round contest for a silver watch and chain, and a side bet of fifty shillings between A. Batten, of Bolton, and Jim Mosedale, of Bury. Batten was seconded by Nat Eccles, of Bolton, and W. Graham, of Salford, assisted by Rigby, of Bolton. Mosedale was seconded by T. Kenny, of Heywood, and F. Mosedale, of Bury, assisted by Professor Roberts, of Bury. The first round was a hard hitting one, with nothing to choose between them. In the next two rounds Mosedale had all the best of it. The punishment dealt out by both was of a heavy character, Batten being badly dazed. In the fifth round Mosedale again dealt out heavy punishment, and the referee, seeing Batten had no chance, stopped the contest, and awarded Mosedale the prize. Mr. George Matthews was referee, Mr. Booth, timekeeper, and Ted Foy, M.C.

* * *

T. COTTERALL and C. Cadman, well-known Bury amateurs, engaged in a twelve-round contest at the Bury School of Arms, the other evening, the winner to receive a handsome gold medal. A side wager of £10 also depended upon the result. Cotterall had an advantage of height and weight, and after a warm opening round he rushed matters, gaining a decided lead, which he maintained up to the opening of the seventh round when Cadman took a turn and floored his burly antagonist. In the eighth round it was give and take until the last minute, when Cadman received a stomach blow which knocked him down and out of time. Cotterall got the verdict.

SEEN AND HEARD.

Mr. Adolph Herschel has obtained a decree nisi on account of his wife's adultery with Mr. Bowman, who was, it is said British Vice-Consul at Paris, and Count de Lencia, with damages assessed at £2,500 against the Count.

* * *

The hearing of the habeas corpus plea in the case of Jabez Balfour was continued in the Salta court on March 17. The public prosecutor claimed the rejection of the plea, and urged that the extradition suit should be proceeded with at once. But owing to the non-receipt of the remaining documents from the National Government the judge postponed further hearing until April. The British Consul has returned into court the money, documents, and other effects taken from Jabez Balfour at the time of his arrest.

* * *

Mr Bennett Wittingham, said to be the son of an English general, shot his wife at Royan, in the Charente Inférieure. He married six months ago Mdlle. Suzanne Audon, a French girl of nineteen. The wedding was solemnised in England, and they afterwards returned to France. Their married life appears to have been unhappy and the husband and wife separated for a time, the latter going to stay with her parents at Royan. On March 18 Wittingham called on his wife, who had been to church, and rushed after her to her room, and the next moment a report of firearms was heard. An alarm was given and Mdme. Audon and some friends entered her daughter's room. They found the young wife lying dead. Wittingham was seized and charged with the murder He offered no resistance.

* * *

A shocking tragedy occurred in Probyn Road, Upton Park, about ten minutes to eleven on Saturday night, March 17, Charles Passmore, a tailor, of 90, Studley Road, Upton Park, shooting a married woman, named Alice Burnell, outside her house in Probyn Road, and then turning the revolver upon himself, inflicting a severe wound in the temple. Three shots were fired. When the police arrived, almost immediately after, they found the woman lying dead on the ground and her assailant on his left side near her. The man, who was not thought at first to be seriously wounded, was at once taken into custody and removed to the Romford Road Police-station, where, on being examined by the divisional surgeon, it was found that the bullet had penetrated the brain. He was taken to the West Ham Hospital, where he died at half-past six the following morning. Passmore, who was a married man with a family, was well known, having some short time ago been in charge of a public-house in the vicinity. He had twice eloped with Alice Burnell, the deceased, and the second reconciliation with her husband had only recently been effected.

JOHN DONALDSON.

Sparring Partner to James J. Corbett.

(With Portrait.)

John Donaldson, sparring partner to James J. Corbett, champion pugilist, is unknown to the English people. He will appear in "Gentleman Jack," at the Drury Lane Theatre, in May. He first cropped into prominence by meeting John L. Sullivan, but the slugger from Boston carried too many guns for Donaldson, hence the latter was beaten. That was fourteen years ago and since that time he has devoted his attention to producing champions. He has had on his string Tommy Warren and Patsy Cardiff. Imbued with the idea that there was a fortune in Australia for a pugilist, he visited that country, reaching Sydney in November, 1889. He conducted a show at Larry Foley's Hall, but the gold failed to appear with the freedom anticipated, and John returned to 'Frisco. Instructing the manly art monopolised his time up to when Corbett defeated Sullivan. He then joined the new champion, and has been in the capacity of a sparring partner to Corbett ever since. He is a genial fellow, and makes friends wherever he goes.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

A young woman named Evans committed suicide March 20 by hurling herself before a train in motion at Norwood Junction.

* * *

A clerkship's lot is not a happy one, at least, so thought Arthur Miller, of South Hackney, who shot himself in a first-class carriage at Poplar, dying before he was discovered.

* * *

Just outside St. James' Street (Walthamstow) Station on March 21 a man threw himself before a train, and was cut to pieces. He was respectably dressed and of middle age.

* * *

On March 20, at Garlinge, Widow Tucker, in a fit of despondency, murdered her two children, one an infant a year old, and the other three years of age, by cutting their throats, and then attempted suicide by cutting her own throat.

* * *

Victorien Sardou, the French playwright, owes his life and his success to his first wife. He was starving in a garret, and dying of typhoid fever, when a poor actress, living in the same building, nursed him back from the gate of death. She married him, and introduced him to the theatrical world of Paris.

* * *

A decree nisi was granted Mrs. Eleanor Jane Irvine, wife of a medical man, and a member of the London Rowing Club. Mr. Bargrave Deane said petitioner had a small fortune, but respondent gradually got it away from her. The husband was frequently the worse for drink, and when in that state, he had assaulted the petitioner. It was eventually found that he was living with a woman at Brighton.

* * *

Frank Slavin, the pugilist, was brought before Commissioner Kerr in the City of London Court, March 21, charged with failing to comply with an order of the Court made against him for the payment of a debt due to Messrs. Lum and Co. It was stated that the defendant recently offered to back a fighter in an approaching battle for £400.—The Commissioner: If he can do that, he must have means. Committed for thirty days.

* * *

A dispatch from Altona, Penna., U.S.A., announces that a serious riot took place at that city on March 20. A mob numbering over 1,000 marched upon the blast furnaces and other places where Italians are employed and drove them away. A few resisted, and were injured. Threats were uttered that the foreign colony would be expelled from the city. The contractors and the sheriff were menaced into promising that foreign labour should not be further employed.

* * *

At St. Helens, on March 20, Joseph Pickavance, 19, and Elizabeth Johnson, 17, were out walking. The young man drew a revolver and fired twice at the girl, wounding her on the neck and hand. Pickavance then blew out his own brains. Johnson is recovering. A child which the girl was carrying was uninjured. The parties had been courting for eighteen months, and Johnson gave birth to a child six weeks ago, and she had threatened Pickavance with proceedings unless he married her.

* * *

On March 21, at Durham, Cadman, a miner, was charged with criminal assault on his servant girl named Shaw. The latter, in cross-examination, said she had been sold to him by her father, a whitesmith, at Dudley. The agreement, which was read in court, was as follows:—

"I give my daughter into the care of your hands to feed and to clothe her in a proper manner. If not suited in one month return my daughter to me same as she came to work for her living. I give you my daughter. I sell you my daughter for 1s. —Yours truly, B. Shaw."

The case was dismissed.

* * *

A River Plate correspondent remarks: "The chance of seeing Jabez Spencer Balfour in England is getting small by degrees. His case has quite snagged up ('accidentally on purpose'). There is absolutely a reaction in the fellow's favour. A long letter defending him, and even doubting his guilt, or whether he would be found guilty if handed over to England and tried, was published in the *Buenos Ayres Herald* (an English newspaper) the other day. Some of the native papers, too, have taken a fancy to him (a bad sign towards his extradition), probably because some of their reporters saw a portrait of his son James' wife, and declare her to be 'Una senora encantadora' (a charming lady) and her father-in-law a perfect gentleman and a much-to-be-pitied man. You may see Jabez again; but he evidently means to fight hard."

* * *

Arthur Greig was brought before Mr. De Rutzen, at the Westminster Police-court, March 19, charged with deserting his wife, Mary Allen Greig. The complainant said she was a widow when she made Mr. Greig's acquaintance. He courted her at Finchley, and wrote her any number of love letters, which her solicitor had. He told her that he was a member of a City firm of merchants, and asked her to marry him. She did so on the 1st of February, at St. George's, Hanover Square, registry office. On the day of the marriage she accompanied the defendant to his residence at Henley Street, New Barnet. This was on the Thursday. The following morning he left her to go to the City, and on his return he insisted that she should sleep on a sofa whilst he occupied the bedroom with the door locked. On the following day—the Saturday—he said he must go, and that he could not live with me. I asked him, "Why?" and he replied, "Because of our different stations in life. If you have any money to lose you can get a divorce. I will give you the opportunity." Subsequently he told me that if I was not off he would throw my boxes out of window. The defendant, a fashionably-attired man, of 40, elected to be sworn as to his means, and he entered the witness-box. He said that since his wife left him she had never applied for money. He asked her to leave because he found out that they were not suited to each other, and that they could not be happy. He was not going to make the complainant unhappy, and be unhappy himself. At present he had no means, being out of a berth.—Mr. De Rutzen ordered Greig to pay his wife 40s. a week and two guineas costs.

CYCLONE PETE SHOWS THEM A TRICK.

Jealous of the Mining Camp Belle he Hurls Everybody from Him.

(Subject of Illustration.)

During the early days of the gold excitement those who flocked to Deadwood, in the western part of the United States, were a skulking lot of cowardly criminals, who were ever ready to accept any mean advantage that presented itself. Dance-houses, gin-shops, and brothels were the only places of amusement till a small theatre was established. The novelty of a theatre was sufficient to draw paying audiences. Amongst the female portion of the population there was great rivalry between two. One kept a brothel, and besides being a pretty woman she knew how to dress extravagantly, and readily commanded the support of those who possessed lax moral characters. Her rival maintained a dance-house patronised by the lower element, and while she failed to cut any figure as a handsome woman, she could ride, shoot, dress in man's clothes, and punish whisky to perfection. That, of course, made her popular with a faction, who were ever ready to champion her cause. Her followers were numerous, whilst Kate Jones, who kept the brothel, showed a weakness for Cyclone Pete, a gambler and bully. It happened that the pair attended the theatre one evening, Kate being dressed in her best. During the play she accepted a cigar from "Marty" Evans, and after she had puffed at the weed to her heart's content she requested a chew of tobacco, and in spitting would hurt the juice as close to her rival as possible. Pete saw all that transpired, and was not slow in displaying his jealousy. When the play had reached a point where an actor was to meet his supposed death, the audience were held in a breathless state. Kate freed her mind by spitting out her tobacco, and exclaimed—

"Oh, h—l, that is a put up job, that duffer ain't dead."

Her rival passed some uncomplimentary remarks which her admirers upheld her in. Kate saw she was outclassed, and swept out of the hall, remarking to Pete that he was a poor protector. Her sentiments were voiced by several others, and to display his valour, Pete grasped them one at a time and, raising them above his head, he actually threw them about promiscuously. How the affair might have terminated is a matter of conjecture; suffice to say the manager wisely turned out the lights, leaving the audience to disperse in darkness. Kate deemed it wise for her lover to leave town, and this he done none too soon, because those who had suffered from the attack, headed by the dance-house siren, organised a party to wipe the muscular gambler off the face of the earth.

STAGE TALK.

Lottie Collins, of Ta-Ra-Ra fame, whilst playing in Chicago, U.S.A., sprained her ankle, and is now unable to perform her dance.

* * *

At Ashton-under-Lyne, March 19, an actress whose stage name was Miss Nora Craven, died suddenly from the effects of an overdose of chloral. She was the "leading lady" in a company engaged in the performance of a drama at the Theatre Royal.

* * *

The American engagement of Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum company, came to an end at Boston on March 17, in presence of an enormous audience, who displayed the greatest enthusiasm. At the close of the performance an address, signed by leading citizens, was presented to Mr. Irving. Another American tour is arranged for 1895-6.

* * *

At the Pantera Theatre, Lucca, Italy, March 18, a gentleman who was making his way out of the building at 11.30 observed a tin box, with a lighted fuse attached, in a recess of one of the corridors. He immediately extinguished the fuse, and drew the attention of the attendants to the supposed bomb, of which they took charge. The police arrested five persons on suspicion, and the box was forwarded to the artillery depot in Florence to be examined.

* * *

Mdlle. Pinard-Doges, a musical composer, dressed in wedding attire, suffocated herself with charcoal fumes at Paris. Since her death sensational disclosures have been made. Some years ago a senator induced her to become his mistress under a promise that he would marry her as soon as he could obtain a divorce. The divorce was granted, but instead of fulfilling his promise the senator married another woman. By various excuses he succeeded in keeping Mdlle. Doges in the dark. When an accidental circumstance revealed the truth to her she went to her betrayer's house, and after exposing his conduct before his wife and a number of guests, returned home, dressed herself in the clothes she had provided for her wedding, and committed suicide by suffocation.

DOSE HER AND KEEP THE CHANGE.

A Gay Lothario Baulked whilst Attempting to Ruin an Innocent Girl.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Dose her and keep the change" was written on a card which a gay lothario handed a waiter at a swell resort the other day. He formed the acquaintance of a young lady, who declined to listen to his indecent proposals, but finally consented to join him in a bottle of wine. One bottle led to a second, and then the card was handed over to hasten the hellish designs of the unprincipled wretch. The waiter's conscience must have smote him, because he transferred the card to the manager, who immediately called in a constable. When the officer entered the room where the couple were he discerned the victim in a stupified condition from the ill-effects of the champagne, and after despatching the man on his journey, he had the young lady removed to her home. Had the constable taken the man in charge, and been the means of sending him to gaol for a long term, he would have done an act of charity on behalf of the respectable community. Any man who would attempt the ruin of any girl's life is not fit to breathe the air of freedom. Young ladies can't be too careful in selecting the company they suffer themselves to keep providing they have a desire to remain respectable.

Mrs. Bike: "What a strange man your husband is!"

Mrs. Slike (wearily): "I wish he were stranger."

A SHOCKING MURDER IN GRAFTON STREET.

CYCLONE PETE SHOWS THEM A TRICK.

Jealous of the Mining Camp Belle He Hurls Everybody from Him.

KING'S CROSS TRAGEDY.
Little Violet Still in Danger.

IT WAS A REAL MOUSE.
Caused Consternation in a Railway Carriage.

AROUND THE RING.

VALENTINE'S VICTORY.

SOLDIERS DO BATTLE.

Jackson's Confidence.

Abbott Coming Home.

Dunn beats Lee in the Old Style.

THE twenty-round glove contest between Jem Burge, the Cast-Iron Man, and Arthur Valentine, of Lambeth, for £50 a-side and an added purse of £75, at the Raglan Music Hall, March 19, effectually decided that science as well as stamina is requisite to win a limited round battle. Whether to a finish Valentine would have beaten himself out trying to put a quietus on the Cast-Iron Man is a matter of conjecture, suffice to say that whilst the battle was in progress Burge was given sufficient "gruel" to stop any ordinary man twice over. They fought at 9st 8lb. On responding for the opening round it was noticed that Burge kept both hands low, he shifted them about in a cramped fashion, while Valentine looked the picture of a clever boxer. Burge led off quickly, but was short, and then essayed with left and right, but caught a rap on the chin. He again led with the left, but was met with a sharp dig on the mouth. Burge kept going in close, but was met with a straight left-hander. Burge stuck the left out stiffly, and tried with the right, but Valentine, boxing cleverly, kept going at the face. During the five succeeding rounds Valentine kept his left in play jobbing Burge about the face repeatedly, without a return. The Australian swung wildly with both hands, but failed to land a telling blow. When time was called for the seventh round, Valentine faced his man without showing a mark, and at once dropped the left on the damaged face. He kept up a perfect rain of blows on the head, Burge trying to use the right without avail. Burge closed in, and was swung down, and although he was hammered to the end, took his punishment as though he relished it. He tried to rush matters, swinging his right for the body, but the blows failed to land. In the ninth round Burge again forced the pace, shoving out his left at the face, and swinging the right for the body. With a straight left on the jaw, Valentine brought his man down, Burge taking a few seconds' rest on his knees. On rising, he dashed in, but Valentine met him splendidly. Burge accepted his drubbing with good grace, and in the twelfth round he rushed in and got both hands on, but a second attempt was frustrated by Valentine smashing the left on the face. Valentine following his man up banged away left and right on the head, having the colonial at his mercy several times as the latter stood with head down. It made no difference, however, Burge taking no notice of his punishment. Any ordinary mortal would have retired, but not so with Burge, because he took the punishment meted out to him without a murmur, and kept on the look-out for more. He was the aggressor up to the last, being badly punished on his face and neck, and weak on his "pins." At the close of the twentieth round the referee declared Valentine the winner.

* * *

THE second series and finals of a series of boxing competitions confined to members of the Brigade of Guards were decided in the theatre of the National Sporting Club on March 19. The 10st, 11st 4lb and heavy-weights were the competitions in abeyance. In the second round of the 10st, Corporal Thorpe beat Corporal Perney, and Drummer Collins beat Private T. Atkins, and they decided the final. Collins readily showed his superiority, and met Thorpe with a straight left, landing his right when at close range. Throughout Collins done the leading and was given the award.

For the middle-weights Corporal Collins beat Private Jarvis, and Sergeant-Instructor Phillips disposed of Private Brennan. They met for the final, and at the call of time Collins went at his man in hurricane fashion, landing with both hands on the most convenient spot. Phillips joined issue, but his blows lacked steam, and he was driven to the ropes. So persistent was Collins' attack that Phillips had no chance of utilising his extra reach, and at the end of a tremendous round the Grenadier was the stronger of the two. Coming together again Collins further weakened his man with telling blows on the body, and though Phillips took a lot of punishment in the gamest possible fashion, there was no question as to who had won at the close. Private Janes and Private Day were left in the final of the heavy-weights. A pull of some 10lb in weight and a couple of inches in height were advantages Day failed to make proper use of, and Janes was left to cut out the work. In the first round he got the left home now and again without a return, and two or three smart rallies saw him quicker and more effective than his rival. Day woke up a bit in the last round, but his effort came too late, and Janes secured a victory. George Firmin and Frank Young fought six rounds for a purse. It was hotly contested throughout. Young made a determined stand, but was unable to cope with Firmin's heavy blows and the latter was given the decision.

MEASURING THE PRIZE-FIGHTER

* * *

WE have no idea to pose as prophets, but we are pleased to remind the public how close we can "call the turn" when it comes to the prize ring. We predicted Corbett's easy victory over Mitchell, and it resulted about as we had anticipated. For the past month we have intimated that Corbett and Jackson would not fight in June, and when they did meet it would not be in the United States. Last week we published the declaration of the governors of the various states in America, and so pronounced were they on the question that it would be suicidal for any syndicate to attempt to bring the pair together across the water. They perhaps could get it off in the Southern States, but in that section a black man ain't deuce high—in fact the southerners would not tolerate a white meeting a black on equal terms, so pronounced are they in their prejudice when the colour line is brought to the surface. Again, the agreement stipulates that the match must be fought north of the Mason-Dixon line, if it is decided in the States. Both men have stated that they will box at the National Sporting Club, but are manœuvring for a big purse, so that we hit that nail on the head. The battle will hardly occur in June, because Corbett is to show at the Drury Lane Theatre in May, and he would hardly do battle with so formidable a foe as the black, unless he got in the best possible condition.

* * *

To bear us out in our suggestion that the men will not meet in the early part of June, we quote what Corbett says: "If Jackson will add or cause to be added 10,000 dols. to the stakes, it will do more than anything else to convince me of the excellence of his physical condition. I am anxious to meet Jackson, but have no advices at present indicating just when a fight can be arranged. I was a heavy loser, by reason of the time used training for the Mitchell contest, and I do not want to repeat my experience.

"Unless some responsible club or athletic organisation comes to the front with substantial backing pretty soon, the fight will have to go over for seven or eight months, for, as I have stipulated, there must be three months intervene between the signing of the articles and the date of the contest."

* * *

So confident is Peter of his ability that he has commenced to take the best of care of himself, and will close his theatrical season at St. Louis March 25, in order to carefully fit himself. "Parson" Davies, his backer, says:—"If I should drop out of the match to-morrow Jackson would furnish the entire amount of his stake out of his own pocket, and as that is about all the money he has in the world, it ought to be proof positive that he doesn't believe Corbett will have a cake walk."

* * *

THE ebony colonial scrapper was recently examined in New York City by Dr. J. W. Gibbs, and after the examination that eminent physician said:—"I really never saw a man better developed than Jackson. He will take off only a very few pounds for his fight. I shall be with him during his training, and he will be guided and directed by what I say. I have examined Corbett, and from my observations I cannot see how Jackson can lose. Perhaps this will make some people laugh, but it is always consoling to bring to mind how I predicted Corbett's victory over Sullivan, when I examined our present champion. I will be with Jackson at the ringside."

* * *

JACKSON'S left side, according to Dr. Gibbs, is better developed than the right, and proves that Jackson can hit a harder blow with his left hand than he can with his right. When asked whether he was left-handed, Jackson shook his head in the negative. He declared that he could not account for the singular difference in his conformation. He thought perhaps it might be due to the fact that he always uses his left hand when he spars with Joe Choynski in the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." However, it is strange to observe that the length of his left arm is 1½in shorter than that of his right. Neither Dr. Gibbs nor Jackson could advance any satisfactory explanation as to the cause of this.

* * *

"WHEN I fought Slavin," says Jackson, "I received a vicious punch over the liver. Since then I have suffered from frequent hemorrhages at the nose, but they ceased about a month ago, and I have not been troubled with them since. During my boyhood days I suffered from nosebleed, and I think the blow which Slavin gave me aggravated the complaint."

In appearance Jackson seems to be a robust man. His skin is without a blemish, and there is an unmistakable lustre in his eyes which denotes perfect health.

* * *

IT is beyond the conception of the fraternity why Stanton Abbott paid a £10 forfeit to Jimmy Dime, a clever 9st American pugilist. They were matched to fight to a finish for a liberal purse March 9, at New Bedford, Mass., and our clever lightweight failed to turn up. He sent on word to the club promoting the match, requesting a postponement of several weeks. Possibly his health is impaired; however, Dime demanded and received the forfeit, and now Abbott announces that he will meet Martin Denny at the National Sporting Club in April, notwithstanding the fact that he is matched to meet Billy Myer, a clever 9st 6lb pugilist, in Chicago, in May.

* * *

GEORGE LEE, of Rotherhithe, and Dick Dann, of Bermondsey, fought with the raw 'uns to a finish, London Prize Ring rules, on the borders of Kent, March 19, for a purse. Dann had the advantage of height and reach, scaling 9st, being 6lb heavier than his opponent. He was also a clever wrestler and gave him the benefit of his weight repeatedly in the falls. In the fourteenth encounter, which lasted 3min 2sec, he, however, made a bad mistake, as stumbling over his man, whom he had thrown, he struck his head on the ground, and it was palpable that the blow was a severe one, the lad appearing quite dazed as he was helped to his corner. This gave Lee a capital opportunity in the fifteenth round, and after punishing his man on the face, he threw Dann with the buttock when two minutes had elapsed. Round 16 was fought out at a terrific pace, and both showed unmistakable signs of the other's handiwork. The fight continued up to the nineteenth round, when one minute was sufficient to bring the matter to a conclusion, as Dann felled his man with a couple of blows in the stomach, and won a game battle which had lasted forty-six minutes.

AT the Albany Club, Holloway Road, March 20, the Stanhope Boxing Club held a series of glove contests. For the 9st novices' competition, H. Barlow and A. Angus were left in for the final bout. It was a hot slogging match for the first two rounds, Angus doing the most effective work. Barlow stuck gamely to it in hopes of reversing matters, but, being thoroughly beaten out, he was requested to retire in favour of Angus. The feather-weight amateur champions, F. Curtis and T. F. Davidson, fought six rounds for a cup. The first half of the contest was uninteresting, but toward the last Curtis woke up, and clearly outpointed his antagonist, and at the close of the sixth round was given the cup.

* * *

A TWENTY rounds contest for £20 between Jack Leary, of Holborn, and W. Fisher, of the same parish, at catchweights, was the feature of the benefit show run by Bill James at Central Baths Gymnasium, March 20. Their knowledge of science was decidedly limited, and both indulged in erratic slugging for the first eight rounds, Fisher being receiver-general for most of the punishment. He reversed matters, however, during the two succeeding rounds and gave as good as he received. Lack of condition caused him to fall weak and Leary then set in for heavy work. Halfway through the thirteenth round Fisher was put to sleep by a blow on the jaw, and Leary was awarded the purse.

* * *

DAVE GOUGH, of Islington, was put to sleep by Alf Sparrow, of Walworth, in the third round of a twelve round contest at Newmarket, March 19, for a purse.

* * *

JERRY COSTELLO and Sil Parker, local boxers, are to engage in a ten-round battle at the Bury School of Arms, Bury, April 3, for the ownership of a gold medal and to decide a wager of £10.

* * *

AT Bill Lee's Bermondsey School of Arms, March 17, T. Rowly disposed of Joe Richards in four rounds, and Wal Reman forced Dan Connars to cry quits in the fourth round of a six-round contest.

* * *

DUMMY MACE, an Australian 10st pugilist, now in the United States, is to sail for this country and will challenge the winner of the Burge-Nickless match to do battle at 10st, for £1,000 a-side and the best purse offered.

* * *

H. SMITH and S. Reardon were the pair to decide the final bout of a 7st 10lb competition given by the Myddleton Boxing Club in Tottenham Court Road, March 21. Smith was the aggressor, and superior science brought him through a victor.

* * *

AN 8st competition, open to all, was decided at the Central Baths Gymnasium, Clerkenwell, March 21. Sid Phillips and Tim Sullivan won the trials, and met for the final bout. It was a scientific affair, devoid of rough work. Phillips displayed the most cleverness, and won.

* * *

IN the Circuit Court at Peoria, U.S.A., March 9, Charles Wickert, heavy-weight pugilist, who, on December 15 last, brutally beat John Behrands, crippling him for life, was found guilty of assault with intent to kill, and sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary.

* * *

TIM KELLY and J. Dixon fought six rounds for a purse at James Lowe's Boxing Rooms, Newcastle-on-Tyne, March 19. Kelly was the aggressor and floored his antagonist in the opening round. Kelly put up a good battle, but was unable to show his nose in front, and at the end of the sixth round Dixon got the award.

* * *

AT the Napoleon Club, Manchester, March 19, J. Thorpe won a 7st 6lb competition by defeating P. Carroll in the final bout in one round. W. Bethell, of Salford, and W. Mawdsley, of Hulme, fought six rounds at 8st for a gold medal. The former was adudged the winner after a spirited battle.

* * *

THE clever ex-amateur champion boxer Anthony Diamond was the recipient of a testimonial at Curzon Hall, Birmingham, March 19. The principal attraction was an 8st 7lb competition, which was won by Simpson, a comparatively unknown boxer, who disposed of Barrett and Downes in the trials and Welch in the final bout.

* * *

BILL DAY, of Clare Market, and Dick Chandler, of Reading, met at Forresters' Hall, Reading, March 19, to box the best of twelve rounds at 10st 6lb, for £10 a-side and the admission receipts. In the first round the men lost no time in getting to work, and the blows fell thick and fast. Chandler floored his opponent in the first ten seconds, and repeated the dose shortly afterwards. Day came up very groggy for the second round, and thus early was evidently the worse for wear. On getting to work again, Chandler continued to severely handle his opponent, and getting one home on the side of his rival's head, Day went down a beaten man, and failing to rise within the stipulated time, Chandler was adjudged the winner, after boxing a minute and a half.

Tom Pashley and J. Thompson are to engage in a glove contest at Hull April 17, for a stake of £50.

* * *

Stanton Abbott draws the colour line. He declined to carry out the terms of his match with Bob Dobbs. It was to have been fought at Minneapolis recently. Abbott claims he did not know that Dobbs was a coloured man when he signed the articles of agreement, and furthermore that Dobbs cannot get under 9st 11lb, which puts him out of the class. Abbott has received his expense money from the National Sporting Club, and sails for home March 21 or 28.

* * *

"Parson" Davies is said to be ageing rapidly of late. His hair is now iron gray, and there are deep lines of care on his ministerial countenance. When questioned about his health the "Parson" first said that he was all right, but when solicitously pressed said that the cares contingent to a manager's duties of a great pugilist are always accompanied by considerable worry and distress. The "Parson" expects to be benefited by a trip to this country, which he contemplates taking with Jackson in April.

* * *

A series of contests occurred at a gymnasium in Bradford, March 19. In a 7st 7lb competition F. Hinchliffe outboxed J. Dygland in the third round of the final bout. The main event was a twenty-round battle between Paddy Mahoney and John M'Gowan, local aspirants, who disputed the ownership of a £10 purse and a side bet of £5. Both lads looked in excellent condition, and in the first two rounds there was little advantage on either side, though some clever boxing was shown. The third and fourth rounds were also well contested, but in the fifth M'Gowan had rather the best of matters, though both lads came in for some severe punishment. In the sixth round Mahoney, though previously warned by the referee, collared his opponent and threw him, and the verdict was awarded to M'Gowan on a foul.

* * *

Harry Webster made a creditable display in the 9st 8lb open competition at Tom Symonds', Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, March 21. In the first round of trial bouts he disposed of Bill Cheese in three rounds. Tom Harris was his opponent in the second series. Both fought in hurricane fashion, Webster being borne to the ropes several times. In the second round, after heavy exchanges, Webster got in his right and knocked Harris out of time. This left him to meet Jack Farley for the final bout. The latter appeared puzzled with the tactics of his opponent, who dropped the left on the face and dug the right on the body with more frequency than the other cared for. Both at close quarters and long range Webster was seen to advantage in the first two rounds. Taking the middle for the third time, Farley was urged to force matters. This he essayed to do, but Webster met him cleverly at every turn, and, at the close of the third round, got the verdict.

* * *

The testimonial tendered Ned Flynn at the Kilburn Gymnasium and Athletic Institute, March 20 and 21, was a decided success in every sense. Professor Bill Reader gave meritorious displays of club swinging and officiated as a second in the glove bouts. On the first night W. Davis and J. Manders were left in the final of the 7st 6lb competition, and the former won. Alf Golding beat Ginger Brown in an eight-round battle, and in one of a dozen rounds Bill Maslin's superior weight and strength gained him a victory over Tom McGlynn.

For the second night a 7st competition was brought to a conclusion. George Fowler won by defeating Chris Garrod in the final bout. Ben Simpson carried too many "guns" for Harry Heath, whom he despatched in an eight-round battle.

Jem Lambert and Tom Naylor were to fight ten rounds. The former was the bigger of the twain and used his size to good advantage by pummelling Naylor to a standstill in the sixth round.

"OVER THE TEACUPS."

The following appeared in a weekly paper published in London:—"The following is a delicious way of cooking mutton, and makes a great change from the everlasting roast and boiled. Procure a nice lean skin and bone it and take away all the suet!"

Yes, this is delicious. The probability is that they must "bone" the meat from the unobserving local butcher and escape with a whole skin. If time and circumstances permit, take away as much suet as convenient. We should suggest, however, leaving the man a few ounces to go on with; he might miss it if you took all the mutton. Anyhow, some editors cannot write up mutton, and it is on record that a printer's devil blushed on hearing the bare mention of the word; we also believe the word loin was somewhere intended, but having nothing to cover its horrid nakedness, it was left severely alone, hence the query?

REVOLTING CRIME IN NEW YORK.

A Little Girl Cut to Pieces and Partly Boiled.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A crime of the most revolting character has been brought to light in New York City. The victim, named Susie Martin, a little girl, is the daughter of a labourer, and a few days ago a woman was noticed in endeavouring to conceal in a coal-box in the basement of a house near the Hudson River something which appeared to be a large piece of meat wrapped in some torn and blood-stained articles of clothing. The police were informed, but for some time did not bestir themselves at all, and their inactivity excited considerable indignation. An examination of the article which had been hidden revealed that it was a portion of a human trunk, apparently that of a young girl. Finally an officer was called in, and the trunk, legs, and arms were put together, and the odour which arose was decidedly offensive and showed the child had be dead several days. There was a large cut or slash upon the lower portion of the trunk, such of that which "Jack the Ripper" used to bestow upon his victims. It was evident that the body after mutilation had been thrown into hot water and partly boiled, and the flesh had shrivelled back some inches at the places where the limbs had been severed. It was through the clothing that the deceased was identified. She has been missing nearly a fortnight. She was evidently kept in confinement somewhere, and outraged and tortured during her captivity, as there are bruises upon the body which were evidently made some days before death.

KING'S CROSS TRAGEDY.

Little Violet Still in Danger.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Miss Violet Hill, who received severe injuries while attempting to save the life of her step-sister when attacked by the barman of the Swan, Caledonian Road, is not progressing so fast towards recovery as expected. The inquiry was held over the bodies of George Ward and Lily Allen by Mr. Danford Thomas at the Holloway Coroner's Court, March 21. The cases of barman and victim were taken together. Francis Christopher Hill, the stepfather of the girl, identified her. She was seventeen years old, he said, a milliner, and lived at the Swan. On Saturday morning, March 17, he heard the children screaming. He jumped out of bed and ran up on to the second floor. Entering the room where the dead girl slept, he saw her lying on the bed with her throat cut; there was blood all over the clothes. She was insensible, but still alive. He saw the man Ward, the barman, lying on the floor with his throat cut. He sent for help. Lily occupied the same bed as his own daughter Violet, aged ten. Ward had been anxious to pay his addresses to Lily, but witness was always against it, and the girl herself gave him no encouragement. Frederick Oulet, inspector, produced the hatchet and razor. Constable Harry Reeve, 179 G, was called to the house about half-past seven. He saw Mr. Hill, who said, "For God's sake, run for a doctor; that barman of mine has cut my girl's throat and his own." He rushed for the doctor, and on returning went upstairs and saw the girl and Ward with their throats cut. The doctor said they were both dead.

Dr. William Melville came to repeat that statement. There was only one cut in the girl's throat, about six inches long, right across. There was evidence of a blow from a blunt instrument on the right side of the head, but death occurred too soon to allow of this to develop. He saw a razor covered with blood lying at the right hand of Ward. A letter was found on Ward, which was identified as in his writing. It was a rambling document addressed "To those whom it may concern in case of accident, or murder."

"It is my desire that any one will kindly communicate with my uncle. My dear sister Emmy,

Do not fret, my dearest,
We shall meet again,
I have gone to the land that is nearest,
Which cures both grief and pain."

Mr. George Ward, the barman's uncle, an excitable man, elderly, bald, military-looking, a surgeon-dentist, made a sensation with his evidence. The lad was overworked, he said, from six in the morning till two the next morning. He had fallen asleep when he had called on witness. Witness tried to get him away, and got him another situation at more money. He left, but a telegram came: "Pray, George, come back." That knocked me silly. Another telegram came: "Come back at once."

Mr. Hill (interrupting): Those telegrams were mine.

Mr. Ward, rambling on in an excited tone, went on to make the wildest statements about his nephew having been given "notice to quit." This was indignantly denied by Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and Mr. Ward still poured out a torrent of hot excited words about Miss Hill coming with his nephew to his house, their going to Olympia together, going to the Princess's Theatre. He could hardly articulate, so vehemently did he keep on declaiming. In a few minutes, Mr. Hill could not keep his seat, and declared that the deceased Ward was dangerous and he was kept in the dark regarding it. Excited words followed, but the coroner intervened and read a letttr from a "broken-hearted distressed lover and murderer;" what more, he asked, did the jury want? Apparently nothing, for with small consideration they returned their verdict—"Murder and suicide."

HIGHLY SEASONED.

Chesterfield Goode had contemplated giving his patrons a good show at the Chesterfield School of Arms, March 22, and provided liberal purses for those who were to appear. Despite of his efforts to bring about a satisfactory meeting, it proved to be beyond the jurisdiction of his powers to force the men to do battle on their merits and convince the public that the best man had won. Tom Wooley and Reuben Baxter were to be the trump cards, and £15 was the amount which should go to the winner. Wooley, no doubt, entered the ring in good faith, and was the aggressor, though for five rounds but very little punishment was given by either man. When time was called for the sixth round, Wooley rushed at Baxter and planted a right-hand blow on the jaw. It was not by any means a knock-out blow, but Baxter took it and went down, remaining prostrate till the ten seconds had expired. Wooley was given the contest, which was as unsatisfactory to the manager as it was to the patrons. Bill Nolan and F. Gregg indulged in a lively six-rounds battle, in which the former won.

* * *

When the entertainment for the World's Bread Fund was gotten up in New York City, it was freely advertised all over the United States that James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell had agreed to lend their services. Consequently bouts of sparring were the feature of the Madison Square Garden Exhibition in the middle of February. The fact that Mitchell was going to give his services for a four-round bout in the interests of charity created for him many sympathisers and newly-found friends. Here is what a New York sportsman writes:—"Mitchell, under the pretensions of friendship and feeling for the poor of New York city, got credit of appearing at the World's Bread Fund charity entertainment. The general impression prevailed that he, like Corbett, was a volunteer, and expected nothing for his services. When the affair got well advertised, and Corbett and Mitchell were made the principal features of the show, Mitchell demanded 1,500 dols. for his appearance. It was too late to rearrange the show, and rather than disappoint the public, Mitchell was paid his 1,500 dols. Mind you, Corbett, the winner and champion, throws up an engagement, sacrifices considerable money just to attend, and receives nothing—in fact, would be insulted if offered anything—for his twelve minutes' work, and Mitchell, who was beaten and showed that he never was entitled to range in the front row of fighters, but milked the American public with shows, comes in at the last moment with a demand for 1,500dols for his privilege of boxing a light bout. The fraternity have, this time, got just cause for showing him enmity, and should he return next fall he will find little or no money for him as a boxer."

* * *

The Liverpool Trotting Club opened their season very auspiciously at Greenwich Park, Aintree, near Liverpool, on March 19. A good programme was provided by Mr. J. Gilmore, consequently there was a large attendance, and the spectators thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon's sport. Mr. T. Mottler's (Salford) J. L. won the pony race. In the second class handicap Miss Baker, with big odds, won easily; whilst Mr. Jos. Bowring's (Chester) Sunshine proved the best of the competitors in the first class handicap. At the conclusion of the third heat of the second class handicap a strong demonstration was made by the crowd against Basnett, the rider of Bloomfield Pearl, who finished second to Cardigan Lass II. The Manchester mare was a warm favourite, but appeared to go very badly at the beginning, lying a long way in the rear, and it was only in the finish that the rider of Bloomfield Pearl appeared to give her rein, when she rapidly overtook the field, being beaten by a length and a half. Loud groans greeted the rider, who was also hustled and threatened with personal violence by the exasperated crowd. Basnett was afterwards called before the stewards and severely admonished and cautioned as to his future driving.

"You look pale this morning."

"Yes," replied the young man, "I feel very much out of condition. You see, there's a girl living in our house who practises her vocal lesson continually, and I guess I've got high C sick."

"MANSLAUGHTER" AT MANCHESTER.

A man named William Jackson has been apprehended at Manchester on a charge of having caused the death of his stepmother, Mary Jackson. The prisoner, who is forty-two years of age, states that he is a moulder by trade, and that he has been in the employment of the Linotype Company (Limited). He lived with his stepmother at 56, York Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, and it appears that for some time he has been keeping company with a young woman who, much against the will of his stepmother, came to visit him at the house. On Saturday night, March 17, between eleven and twelve o'clock, Mrs. Jackson and a young woman who lodged in the house were out shopping or on some other business. The young woman left Mrs. Jackson, saying that she was going to her lodgings, and Mrs. Jackson told her to go in by the back door, which she would find open. On getting to the back door the young woman found that it was locked. She knocked at the door, but there was no response. In a few minutes she was joined by Mrs. Jackson, who, on discovering that the door was locked, seems to have at once suspected that her stepson was in the house along with the young woman with whom he had been keeping company. Finding that no heed was paid to her knocking at the door, they went round by the front door and gained admittance. Two candles were lighted. With one of these the female lodger stood at the foot of the stairs, and with the second Mrs. Jackson went upstairs. On getting to the door of one of the bedrooms close by the head of the stairs, Mrs. Jackson, who was by this time very angry, knocked loudly at the door, and shouted, "I will not have that —— here." The bedroom was apparently in darkness, and for a minute or two no attention was paid to her knocks or her remonstrances. By and by her stepson, who was in the bedroom with the woman, as had been suspected, came out. He was very angry with his stepmother, whom he threatened to throw downstairs if she did not "get out." The quarrelling continuing, he violently pushed her down the stairs. She was a stout woman, and appears to have fallen very heavily on the landing. The female lodger, who had been a terror-stricken eye-witness of the whole scene, rushed out to the shop of Mr. Bowman, a chemist in the neighbourhood, with the information that "Bill had pushed his mother downstairs," and that she was apparently much hurt. The chemist returned to the house with the young woman, and Dr. O'Doherty was sent for. On his arrival he found that Mrs. Jackson's neck was broken at the base of the skull, and that she was dead. A policeman was brought, and the woman's stepson, William Jackson, was taken in custody to All Saints' Police-station. He states that the woman, who was found in the house with him was his sweetheart, and that he had been keeping company with her for about twenty years.—At Manchester, March 19, a verdict of "Manslaughter" was returned by a coroner's jury against William Jackson.

KIDNAPPING AT KENSINGTON

Harrington Gardens, Gloucester Road, is a street of fine red-brick houses, close to the District Railway station. At No. 73 lives General Sir Donald Stewart, the brave soldier whose distinguished career both in peace and war has earned him a long list of titles, and who will be, of course, at once recalled as a former Commander-in-Chief in India.

His two sons, Mr. N. R. Stewart and Mr. Donald Stewart, are also soldiers of distinction. His eldest daughter married last year another gallant soldier, Captain Walter Jenner, of the 9th Lancers, eldest son of Sir William Jenner, the famous physician; his second daughter is the wife of Major Francis Eustace, R.H.A.; his youngest, née Miss Norah Helen Gertrude Stewart, married in 1891 Mr. Murphy, who was formerly of the Royal Artillery. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have one child, a daughter, born last year, who for the last eight months has been living with her mother and grand-parents at No. 73 Harrington Gardens.

The other day whilst the child was out, in charge of a nurse, for an airing it was kidnapped by Mr. Murphy who was pursued and finally headed off by a police-sergeant. The infant was returned to its mother.

Eight rounds between W. Lawless and R. Day, and a twelve-round battle between Mike Sullivan and Joe Jones made up a programme at the Goodwin Gymnasium March 19. Lawless scored the honours in his contest with Day after a spirited meeting; and in the twelve rounds Jones decided he had all he cared for in the seventh round, which left Sullivan the victor.

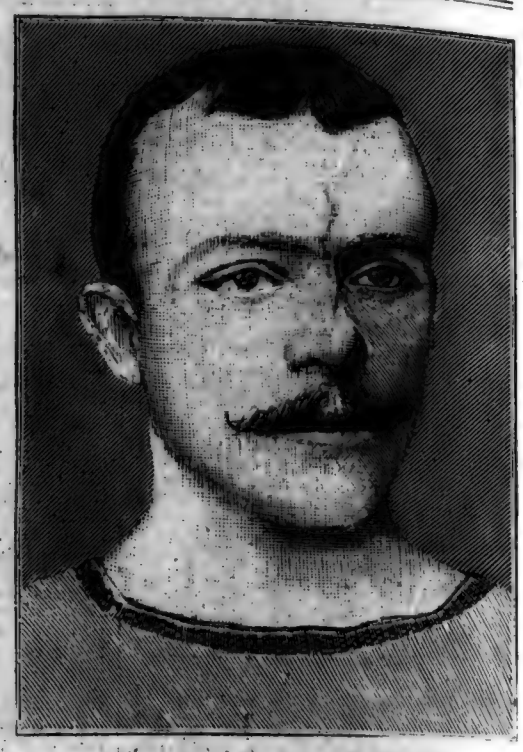
* * *

She: "This is so sudden!"

He: "How firm you women are in your convictions. That's just what you said when I proposed two years ago."

JOHN DONALDSON.
Sparring Partner to James J. Corbett.

GEORGE THURLING.
Pioneer of Whippet Dog Racing.



TOM BURFORD.
Instructor to the Birmingham Amateur Boxing Club.

R. G. KNOWLES.
A Talented and Favourite Music-Hall Artist.

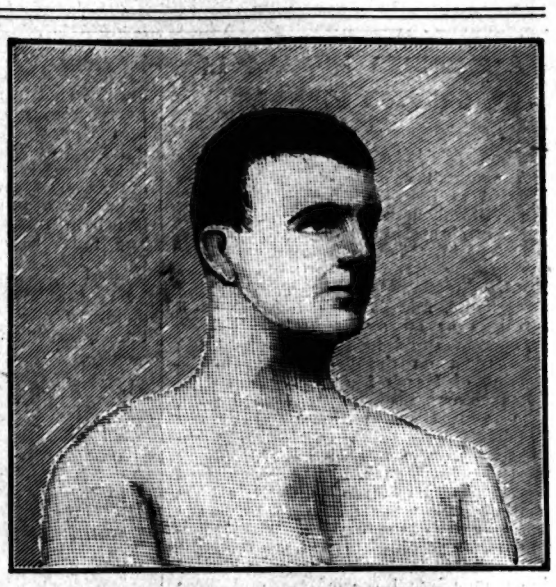
CHARLEY KELLY.
Champion 7st 12lb Pugilist of New York

PREVENTED AN ELOPEMENT.
Caught Ascending a Fire Escape to Free His Loved One.

A COCK FIGHT CURED HIM.
How an Old Sport's Health was Improved.

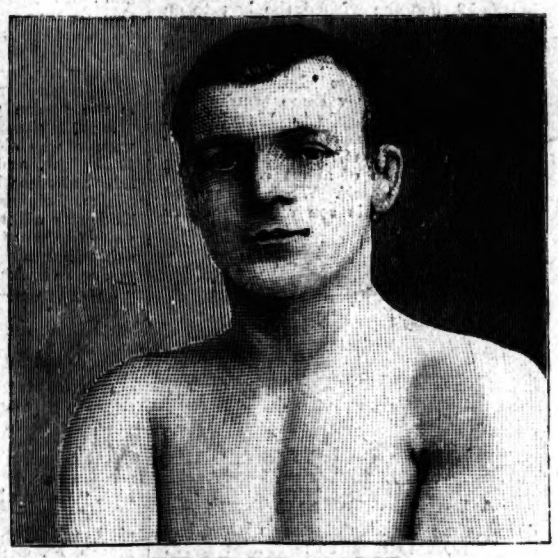
A CRANK ON IMMORALITY ASTONISHED.
An Amusing Episode on the Parkhurst Crusade in New York.

SHE WAS THE ATTRACTION.
A Reflection in the Mirror Caught the Audience.



ALBERT GRIFFITHS.
Matched to Fight George Dixon at Chicago.

DICK O'BRIEN.
America's Premier 10st 5lb Pugilist.



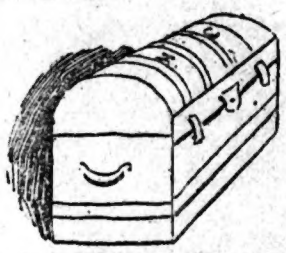
GEORGE CAMP.
A London Promoter of Boxing.

CHARLES WITTMER.
Champion of America at Græco-Roman Wrestling

A SHOCKING MURDER IN GRAFTON STREET.

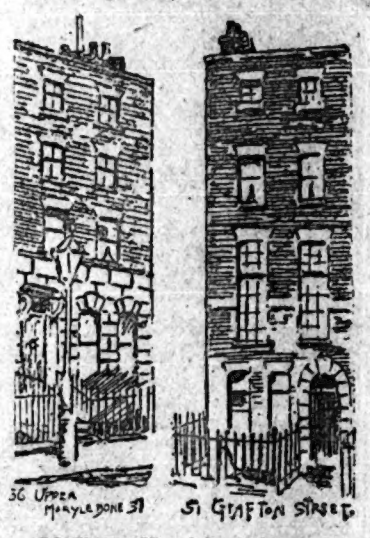
(Subject of Illustration.)

A SHOCKING cold-blooded murder was brought to light in London March 17. Marie Storkhausen, alias Marie Hermann, whose age is stated to be forty-three years, lodged at 51, Grafton Street, a thoroughfare turning out of the Tottenham Court Road. The house is let out to a number of sub-tenants, and it would seem that a fortnight or so ago the woman Hermann rented and took possession of the back room on the first floor. On the evening of March 15, Storkhausen went home accompanied by an elderly man, who proved to be Charles Anthony Stephens, a retired jobmaster and cab-proprietor, who resided at 17, Albany Street, Regent's Park. Noises were heard proceeding from the room, and the elderly gentleman was never seen to leave the house by any of the inmates. The following morning an inmate of the house went to the sink in the basement, which is used in common by all the lodgers, and there found bloodstains. She at once called the attention of the deputy, a young fellow of twenty-four or twenty-five, to the condition of the sink, and at the same time mentioned certain suspicions: but he, after making an examination, is stated to have expressed an opinion that there was nothing wrong, so far as he could see. On the morning of the 17th Storkhausen, or Hermann as she is more familiarly known, paid a week's rent for her room in lieu of notice, and signified her intention of removing her luggage that day. Meanwhile she had called on Mr. Gibbons, a furniture dealer, of Cleveland Street, close by the house, and bought some odd pieces of furniture at his shop, and asked him to send them to her new apartments at 56, Upper Marylebone Street. She entered into conversation with him, and said she had been living at 51, Grafton Street, but was about to leave, as there were certain matters which she objected to. She paid him 30s. for the goods, and whilst doing so she took from her purse a large quantity of bank-notes and gold, and in explanation mentioned that she was a daily governess, and had just received her salary for the quarter. Just as she was leaving the shop she seemed to hesitate a little, and turning suddenly she asked Mr. Gibbons whether he could send a man with a cart and take a box for her from Grafton Street to Charing Cross Station. She mentioned at the same time that she was going to have it despatched to Berlin, and added that she was herself going on Monday, March 19, but she wished the box to go March 16. She returned the following morning and saw Mr. Gibbons as to the removal of her furniture. She asked him to send a barrow to her lodgings at Grafton Street to convey some trunks and boxes to her new abode in Marylebone. Later in the day he sent his son and one of his men to Grafton Street with a barrow, and after the lapse of about a couple of hours followed himself. When he reached the house he saw his son and the other man trying to get



A Large Old-fashioned Trunk

downstairs; Mrs. Hutchings and her two daughters, who tenant the second floor; and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, occupy the top floor. All these people are respectable hard-working folk, and it seems that the appearance of the new lodger, Hermann, a fortnight or so ago, led to some suspicion. The account which she gave of herself was that she had been twice married, and that her husband was away from her most of the week. She was well provided with gold and notes, and she produced the photograph of a handsome young man, saying that it was his portrait. Hermann seems to have created unpleasantness by her aspersions upon the young ladies living in the house, which their mother resented, and words ensued. The night the deed was committed Mrs. Hutchings heard alarming noises emanating from Hermann's room, and, seeing the condition of the sink the following morning, she kept watch when the moving took place on the morning of the 17th. She says:—At twelve o'clock the accused started moving. Two men came with a barrow. The door of her front room was open, and I saw the trunk. She handed the men the cord to cord it, and she said, "I want this box very carefully corded, because in it there are some treasures of mine. You must keep the box on the bottom, and be very careful of it." She then shut the door, and I heard the box being corded. Taking a jug in my hand, I went out of the house to watch the barrow. Hermann stood in the passage, and saw the men run with the barrow, and as they did so the wheel was shifted. I went into a baker's shop in order that they should not see me. They ran all round Titchfield Street with the barrow before they got into Upper Marylebone Street. I was quite out of breath running after them. They might have gone a direct route but did not do so. When the men came back with the barrow she said to them, "There has been a —— woman watching you. You must be careful." She was very drunk then. The men afterwards said they had instructions to take the barrow by way of Titchfield Street, to make it appear they were going there. I ascertained, through a boy, that it was



56, Upper Marylebone Street,

and that she had taken the parlours. I set watch on the trunk because I understood it was to go to Charing Cross Station. On the second journey the box was carried downstairs to the barrow whilst the prisoner stood in the street and then went to the public-house. With great difficulty it was brought down, and one of the men said to Mrs. Bricknell, "The box is full of carpets." I started off to Upper Marylebone Street and saw the box taken into the house at which the first load had been left. It was my intention to have had the woman arrested at once, but there was still another barrowful of things to be removed. I went once more to the landlord, who was in the room, and he said, "You had better let her get away with this load, and then you can give what information you like." Afterwards I went to the police-station, and told the police all I knew. The detective partly gave me a description of the woman without asking, saying, "Is she a little woman, and wears folding-glasses?" I said "Yes," and he replied, "Oh, she is a well-known character. Madame Hermann is the person you have in your house."

Mrs. Hutchings was positive that the woman was alone with the man on the fatal night, and that no one could have left the house without her knowledge.

Mrs. Bricknell states that during the Thursday night she had heard Hermann walking about the room over head and had said to her in the morning "what a noise you were making," and the woman replied, "I was in a —— of a temper. My husband came home last night and went away early this morning."

Miss Clara Hutchings confirmed her mother's narrative, saying that when she heard moaning at four a.m. she was too frightened to come upstairs. It was added that, according to the statement of Mrs. Bricknell's daughter, the man accompanying the prisoner held his head down, seemed very drunk, and the woman said to him, "Come along, dad."

Hermann was placed under arrest, and at the Marlborough Street Police-court, March 19, she was charged with having feloniously killed, on or about March 15, Charles Anthony Stephens, an elderly man, of 17, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

The Prisoner in Court.

The trunk, into which it is alleged the accused packed the body of Stephens, was brought into court. It is barely 3ft in length, about 20in in width, and of a similar depth, but the rounded top adds to the size somewhat. The trunk is iron bound, and the hoops have brass-headed nails. Within the trunk, but not exposed to public view, were a strip of carpet and a piece of paper: the lock of the box was broken. Inspector Reed, D Division, testified: At six p.m. on the 17th inst., from information received, I went with Police-sergeant Kane to 51, Grafton Street, Tottenham Court Road, and into the first-floor front and back rooms, which were unoccupied. The doors were unfastened. I examined both rooms and found stains at various parts, which appeared to be those of blood. From my examination I came to the conclusion that something serious had occurred, and, ascertaining that the rooms had been vacated that day, I went to 56, Upper Marylebone Street, the front door of which house was open. Police-sergeant Kane entered the house and I followed into the back room on the ground floor. I saw the prisoner there and said: "We have just been to 51, Grafton Street, and have seen the rooms which you lately occupied. Where is the large trunk which was removed with your furniture from the address to-day?" She pointed to a box under the window in the room, and said, "There it is." Sergeant Kane and I examined the box and found nothing of a suspicious nature in it. It contained old tin cans and other articles. I said to Kane: "You had better go and get the witness from Grafton Street to identify the trunk." The constable left the room and I remained with the prisoner. When he returned he said: "This woman (the prisoner), I find, occupies the front room, as well as the back." I omitted to state that previously I had asked her if she occupied any other part of the house in Upper Marylebone Street. She replied, "No." The prisoner, Kane, and myself then went into the front room, and behind the door I saw a large trunk, tightly corded and locked. I asked her, "Is this your trunk?" She replied in the affirmative. "Have you the key to open it?" She handed me a bunch of keys she had in her hand, but no key would fit the lock. I said, "Where is the other bunch of keys you have in the back room?" She said: "They are in the room now. "I searched for the keys, but failed to find them. I returned to the front room and said to her, "I cannot find the keys. I want to know what is in this trunk, and I shall break it open." Prisoner made no reply. I then cut the cord, forced the lock, and opened the trunk (produced). I saw a piece of carpet on the top and the dead body of a man. Prisoner was then arrested by Kane, and I left the house for assistance.

With what was she charged?—With feloniously killing and slaying, on March 15, 1894, a man at present unknown, at 51, Grafton Street, Tottenham Court Road.—The prisoner was remanded.

Meanwhile the police are persevering with their inquiries into the antecedents of the prisoner—whose real name is Marie Storkhausen—with the utmost activity, and the story of her life in London is being slowly but surely traced back to the time of her first appearance upon the scene. It is known beyond question that a few years ago she kept a house of ill-fame in Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, for when her luggage was overhauled by the detectives, at 57, Upper Marylebone Street, amongst other things they discovered cards bearing her name on a Jermyn Street address. It is asserted that she is well known too, and has frequently been seen in the company of many of the discreditable fellows who infest the regions of Tottenham Court and Euston roads. It will be proved, so it is said, that she had long known Mr. Stephens. The point of Madame being acquainted with Stephens is considered important as destroying the alleged motive of his visit.

At the coroner's inquest, held March 21, at Marylebone, before Dr. Danford Thomas, she was represented by Mr. Arthur Newton, solicitor. Evidence was given by Mrs. Louisa Hutchings, Matilda Bricknell, a married woman, both living at 51, Grafton Street; Francis Gibbons, furniture dealer; Henry Stephens, son of the victim; C. H. Jenner, a detective inspector; Dr. S. Lloyd, and Detective Sergeant John Kane. The latter deposed that in consequence of Mrs. Hutchings' statement, he went with Inspector Reid to 51, Grafton Street, to the first-floor front room and saw there a patch of blood. There was a strong smell of paraffin, and some household blue appeared to have been used to absorb the blood. On the cupboard and on the side of the fireplace there were more stains of blood, and also on the door leading to the back room. The rooms were both empty. In the back yard, close to the drain, he saw clots of blood. Witness went at once to 56, Upper Marylebone Street, and there recognised the voice of Madame Hermann, whom he had known for years as an immoral woman. Witness went into the back room, and the accused said, "Hallo, Mr. Kane! What do you want?" Witness told her that he had been to Grafton Street and meant to search the room, but found nothing. In the front room witness saw a large trunk tied round with cord. Hermann was asked what it contained, but she made no reply. Witness, continuing, said: I asked, "Is there anything in it to account for what I have seen at Grafton Street?" and Hermann replied, "Yes, I should think so." I asked her for her keys, and she produced a bunch, but none of them would fit, and the inspector fetched a chopper, and the trunk was forced open. On removing a piece of cloth I saw the body of the deceased in a partially sitting position, with the head bent forwards and downwards, the chin resting on the chest, the head being a mass of wounds and blood. I turned to Hermann and said, "Consider yourself a prisoner. You will be charged with killing the man whose body you now see in the trunk, and I cautioned her in the usual form. Inspector Reid went for assistance, and the prisoner then said, "The man did try to strangle me; you can see the marks upon my neck. I had to defend myself. I hit him hard with a poker on Thursday night, but he was alive at nine o'clock in the morning. You will find the poker in the black box in the back room. I fetched some brandy from the Horseshoe public-house in the Tottenham Court Road Road. I know it is all over with me now, and I may as well tell the truth. I picked him up in the Euston Road. He had not a penny on him, and that was the beginning of the quarrel. I was going to send the trunk to Berlin, either to-night or on Monday. I know you, Mr. Kane, and why should I tell you lies? I will not do it. Madame Bricknell, in the parlours, brought me up two pails of water. We had five or six drinks. She fetched it from Charlotte Street, and I gave her a sovereign. Before the quarrel the old man told me he lived in Albany Street." The witness continued: I then conveyed her in a cab, with the trunk and the dead body, to Tottenham Court Road Police-station, where the prisoner was charged with killing the deceased, who was identified by the son. In reply to the charge, she said, pointing to Mrs. Bricknell, who was close to her, "This woman did help me. This woman did bring me up the water, and I gave her a sovereign for it. She had five or six drinks, and you will find the bottle from the Grafton in the room now." The bottle (produced) was found in the room as described.

Cross-examined: Hermann is a small, thin woman. It took four persons to lift the deceased. I should say it would be a human impossibility for the woman to lift the body into the trunk off the floor. The fender at Grafton Street is an iron one with some projections. I concluded that the deceased man struck the first blow; but she did not say that some of the injuries were caused by his falling on the fender. I have known Hermann for years. She has not been charged with violence before.

The Coroner: In the statement as to Bricknell having assisted her, did she indicate that it was in any other way except by bringing up water?—No.

Mrs. Bricknell, recalled, in reply to the Coroner, said: I have been paying attention to what the last witness has said.

Are you prepared to offer any explanation as to the statement made by Hermann that you took up pails of water?—I did not take any up, sir.

Did you receive a sovereign from her?—None at all.

Cross-examined: On Saturday morning, before eight o'clock, Hermann came to me and asked me to fetch some brandy, for which she gave me a shilling and the bottle.

When prisoner made the statement about the pails of water, did you deny it at once?—Yes; and she said I was wrong.

Did not she say to you that she had had a row with this man, and that she was frightened, for the man was dead?—No.

After all the evidence had been taken the jury retired, and, after a quarter of an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of wilful murder against Marie Hermann, and commended the police for their vigilance and Mrs. Hutchings for the watchfulness she had displayed.

WAS WON AT DICE THROWING

Two brothers of Miss Myrtle Shields, the young lady who married E. E. Crout alias Willard, a few days ago, after an acquaintance of only a few hours, went to Fort Wayne on March 6 from Payne, Ohio, and had a consultation with Prosecutor Colerick. They assert that Crout has a wife and child in Chicago, and is therefore guilty of bigamy. An investigation will be made. A sensational story in connection with the affair is that Crout and a friend, Jim Loomis of Chicago, threw dice for the young lady and Crout won. He met Miss Shields and represented himself as Willard, her correspondent, and the hasty marriage followed. She is heiress to quite an estate, and it is the desire of her Ohio brothers to save her from the wiles of an adventurer. Miss Shields has an elder sister who is a member of the Salvation Army.

Miss ELDERLY: "I declare I begin to feel that I am growing old. It's positively unpleasant."

Miss Sharpe: "Yes, dear, it must be especially so for one who has been young so long."

BILLY MULLIGAN'S DEATH.

Shot Down Like a Dog.

A Reminiscence of the Last Vigilance Committee that Purified San Francisco.

One of the most ghastly tragedies that ever came under the observation of a newspaper reporter was enacted in San Francisco on the 7th of July, 1865. On that date Billy Mulligan, 36 years of age, by profession a skin gambler, but previously well known to the police of New York and San Francisco as a dangerous criminal, came to his death, not as might have been expected, in a personal encounter, a street broil, or at the end of a hangman's rope, but in obedience to a mandate of the city authorities of San Francisco. He was disposed of as a wild beast is killed, whose death is claimed to be a necessity, to prevent the slaughter of more valuable lives than his. After keeping at bay the entire police force of San Francisco, as well as a large part of the population, for more than four hours, during which time he shot to death two innocent citizens besides wounding half-a-dozen more. Mulligan was finally ordered to be shot on sight, and the order was carried into execution amid the plaudits of thousands of spectators.

The preliminary events immediate and remote that led up to this remarkable tragedy may be briefly narrated. Nine years previous to that time (in 1856) the last Vigilance Committee that ever assembled in San Francisco was summoned to avenge the murder, committed in broad daylight on a public street, of James King, the founder of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, also to purge the city of the scoundrels and cutthroats who, by frauds upon the ballot and intimidation of respectable citizens, had got possession of the municipal Government and installed themselves in office of trust and power. Among the hundreds of criminals of all grades whose ears were startled by the great alarm-bell that called the Vigilance Committee together was the same Billy Mulligan. The tones of that bell never ceased ringing in his ears till the day of his death; nor was he the only one to whose guilty conscience it seemed like a death-knell. The brave and brawny "Yankee Sullivan," notorious in his day as a leading prize fighter, was so overcome with terror that he committed suicide in prison the day after his arrest by that same committee. He doubtless feared a more tragic fate at their hands; but his fears were groundless, for the only violence done by the committee was the hanging, after a fair, though not legal, trial of James Casey, the slayer of Mr. King. This Casey had been elevated by his pals to the position of a magistrate, and he shot King in retaliation for publishing the record of his conviction in the New York Court of Sessions, and sentence to Sing Sing prison. The rest of the "gang," several hundred in number, including Billy Mulligan, who were arrested by the Vigilance Committee, were directed to leave San Francisco, and warned not to return on pain of death. They all obeyed the warning forthwith, and were glad to escape so easily. New York had furnished its full quota of the rascally crowd, and most of them found their way in due course of time back to that city. Mulligan was among the first to reappear at his old haunts. One of the banished New Yorkers, if report be true, was subsequently elevated to the Supreme Bench of New York City during the Tweed reign, but was afterwards hurled from power and died in disgrace. Others may possibly be now residing in New York and following reputable and orderly lives. But it is safe to say that each and all of the exiles, wherever they may be, still retain a vivid recollection of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, and a wholesome dread of all similar uprisings of the people.

Billy Mulligan resumed his old habits and associations after his return to New York, and in due time took a degree from Sing Sing Prison. After his discharge from that institution he undertook to raise a regiment for the Union army, and had nearly succeeded when the Government, on learning his antecedents, refused him a commission as colonel and declined to muster in his regiment. Soon after this he began to cast longing eyes once more to the Pacific coast. Like most criminal exiles, he felt an irresistible impulse to return to the place from which he had been banished. His last fracas in New York, which drew public attention toward him, was in 1864, when he had a personal altercation, that came near ending in a tragedy, with the late Marcus Cicero Stanley in Crook and Duff's saloon in the *Times* Building. Not long after that he drifted back to San Francisco, arriving there early in the winter of 1865. The city had trebled in size during his absence, having now a population of over 130,000. The Vigilance Committee was no longer in existence, the work of 1856 having made San Francisco an orderly and well-governed city up to the time of Billy Mulligan's return. He found but few of his old companions remaining there, though he was not long in forming new associations of a congenial sort and, as quietly as his turbulent nature would permit, he resumed his old mode of life. Between this and the tragedy in July he was several times arrested by the police for drunkenness and riotous conduct, and on those occasions he was in mortal terror of a Vigilance Committee, which he imagined was bound to take his life. Finally on July 6 he was arrested while engaged in a drunken brawl in a depraved bar-room. He had drawn a pistol and threatened a man's life, for which he was taken to the police station. When crazed with drink his mind was haunted with the spectre of a Vigilance Committee, and his fearful outcries while trying to elude imaginary pursuit from his old enemies kept his cell in an uproar most of the night. He was finally quieted under the influence of opiates, administered by the police surgeon, and fell asleep. When he awoke on the morning of July 7 he appeared to be sobered, and was discharged from custody. He immediately repaired to his lodgings in the St. Francis Hotel, a hostelry of low repute, and sought his room on the second story, presumably to rest. Nothing was heard from him until about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when some Chinamen employed in a washhouse opposite the hotel on Dupont Street were startled by the report of a pistol and the crashing of a bullet through the window directly over their heads. It was also heard in the hotel, and found to have emanated from Mulligan's room. The police were notified, and on going to the room they found the doors barricaded with trunks. Looking through the transom they saw Mulligan with a pistol in his hand, but apparently not labouring under much excitement. They asked him why he shot at the Chinamen, and he replied that it was an accident. They requested him to open the door, but he refused. They then demanded the surrender of his pistol, which also was refused. By this time Mulligan became excited, and ended the parley by pointing his pistol at the head of the policeman looking through the transom, ordering him to leave instantly.

"The Vigilance Committee are after after me," he cried, "and I will never be taken alive; they confined me last night in a cell with five dead infants, but they never will do it again."

This was enough to satisfy the policemen that they had to deal with a madman, so they abandoned any further attempt to gain admission or to get possession of his pistol. A conference was held, and several of Mulligan's acquaintances, who were supposed to have influence over him, were sent for. Among them was Jack McNab, who volunteered the task of arresting his friend. Meanwhile Mulligan had become more infuriated against the Vigilance Committee, which he thought he saw in the crowd that began to gather around the hotel. After firing two or three shots at random from his window he went out on the piazza, and creeping around to the Clay Street Side, entered the door leading to the hallway. He paraded up and down the corridor with his pistol cocked and ready for emergency. He spied McNab mounting the stairs leading to the second floor, and with his pistol pointed toward him commanded him to retreat. "Quick, quick! go quick," Mulligan exclaimed, "or I shall kill you!" McNab tried to open a conversation with him, and appealed to old acquaintance; but Mulligan paid no heed other than to continue his cry "to go quick." Before McNab had time to decide what he should do next, he received a bullet in his breast, from which he died in less than an hour.

News of the killing of McNab soon spread, and the most intense excitement prevailed, because an immense crowd rapidly collected about the hotel, blocking up the streets. Meanwhile, a consultation of the police authorities represented by Captain Lees (Chief Burke being ill), with District-Attorney Porter, was held to decide what should be done. The District-Attorney opposed shooting Mulligan on sight except as a last resort, and advised further attempts be made to take him alive. This delay cost another citizen his life, because while the Conference was in Session Mulligan stepped out on the Piazza and fired into the street, instantly killing a young man named John Hart, a respectable citizen and foreman of an engine company. The second cold-blooded murder increased excitement and the crowd, and then there were loud demands for immediate and decisive action on the part of the police. "If they can't arrest the ruffian," they shouted, "let them shoot him." "Let us burn the building and smoke him out if we can't do any better," cried one man in the crowd. "It is a shame that respectable citizens should be shot down in the street by such a worthless dog."

Meantime, renewed attempts were being made by the police, in accordance with the advice of the District Attorney to bring about the arrest of Mulligan. One of his boon companions tried the device of asking him to come downstairs and take a drink, but it did not work. A tumbler of drugged brandy was placed at the head of the stairs as a bait, but Mulligan was too cunning to drink it. One of his female acquaintances, who was said to have great power over him, was appealed to; but she declined, remarking that "It would be all her life was worth or that of any other person who should attempt to arrest Billy Mulligan when crazed with liquor and a loaded pistol in his hand," Finally, as a last resort, a well-known Catholic priest was sent for to try the effect of clerical robes and religious associations upon the victims of delirium tremens. The priest responded, but when he saw Mulligan's pistol pointed at his head and told to "go quick," he quit like the rest, and mournfully confessed that the patient was not a fit subject for spiritual treatment. At last, after trying the patience of an excited and clamorous crowd to the verge of rioting, the police and city authorities finally decided that the only safe method was to shoot Mulligan on sight, and the order was given to the police to do so as quickly as possible.

Half a dozen loaded rifles were placed in the hands of selected policemen who were posted at convenient spots where they would be sure to get a sight of Mulligan. Two or three were stationed at the windows opposite the St. Francis on Dupont and Clay Streets, and others at different points in and about the hotel. Fully an hour's time had elapsed before Mulligan made his appearance, during which time thousands of people were watching, with breathless anxiety, the windows and doorways leading from the second story to the piazza. Mulligan now had possession of the whole of the second story, so no mistake could be made in shooting at the first head that showed itself on that floor. Finally a person was seen from the window opposite to be walking along the hall toward the glass door leading to the piazza on the Clay Street side. He held a pistol in his hand, and cautiously opened the door. Scarcely had he done so when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and Billy Mulligan fell dead in the hallway. The ball struck him nearly in the centre of his forehead, carrying away a portion of the skull, and scattering his brains in clots on the ceiling of the hallway and the wall overheard. He fell flat on his back, and with the brains oozing from his forehead and mingling with his curly black hair he presented a most ghastly sight. A loud shout went up from the multitude as soon as it was known that the bullet had done its work, and the crowd dispersed congratulating each other that there was one less Billy Mulligan in the world, and wondering whether it was not about time to organise a new Vigilance Committee to execute the penalties against the returning vagabonds who were banished nine years before.

JACK THE KISSER.

A gay Lothario who has a Strange Fad.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"We have had 'Jack the Ripper,' then came 'Jack the Hugger,' followed by 'Jack the Measurer,' now we hear of a festive 'Jack the Kisser,'" writes a Boston, U.S.A., correspondent. "In one of our suburbs there are many pretty girls, of whom the great majority do not object to being hugged by a nice-looking young man, under the most favourable circumstances.

"But this case is different. Few young women like to be kissed and hugged by a strange man, in strange places, and without previous warning. The other day this gay Lothario called at the board school and

Kissed the Governess,

and then departed as suddenly as he came in, greatly to the edification of the lads. Since then he has not been so bold, but carries on his operations in more out-of-the-way places, where he has taken liberties with several young ladies. One well-known young lady (who refuses to have her name published) was returning from a visit to a friend's house late one night. As the distance was short she did not think the services of an escort were necessary. She had just turned down Tewksbury Street when she saw a man standing in her path.

"She tried to pass him, but was seized around the waist and her pretty face covered with kisses. As soon as she recovered her senses enough to scream, the man released his hold and disappeared. Miss Tillie Brown, a blushing girl of eighteen, has also met the intruder. 'I was walking along in the vicinity of Winthrop Square,' she naively said, 'when I was seized from behind and hugged and kissed. I was so frightened I couldn't even scream, and I do not know what the outcome would have been had not the man been frightened away by a horse and carriage.'

"The man is described by all as of medium height, black moustache and not bad-looking.

"Many of the people think it is the same party who has been causing consternation among the fair sex in Lynn. Whether he is the same one or not makes little difference, but certain persons are determined to give the industrious kisser a wholesome lesson if he perseveres in his attempts to become familiar with the fair maids."

IT WAS A REAL MOUSE.

Caused Consternation in a Railway Carriage.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A railway guard on one of our suburban trains tells a pretty good story about a mouse. It was on an afternoon trip that the string was pulled as a signal for the train to stop. Thinking something serious had happened, he walked back along the train, and in one compartment he found seven women standing upon the seats screaming for dear life. He hailed an assistant, who entered the compartment, and soon found that a mouse was creating all the disturbance. He caught the little disturber of the peace just as it was retreating under the cushion on the seat. The women sat down, but acted nervous and uneasy till the journey's end, when each heaved a sigh of relief on getting off the train.

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